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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

LETTER FROM A SECESSIONIST.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., Feb. 19, 1861.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 13th instant was received on yesterday. Written, as I am sure it was, from the best motives, it demands of me a kind and respectful answer.

You say rightly that I was, a short time since, a staunch friend of the Union, and you might have added that I am yet a friend of that Union which our fathers formed, and would cheerfully lay down my life to make it eternal. Looking at the subject from different standpoints, it is natural that it should present a different appearance to you and to me. You see only the evils of disunion, and forget that there are wrongs to which submission is infamy. You do not feel those wrongs, and, therefore, treat them lightly. The plunder of the public treasury is your gain, since it creates a necessity for higher duties. Personal Liberty bills do not affect you, and the scornful refusal of Northern Governors to surrender criminals indicted under the laws of the Southern States awakens in your bosom no feeling of resentment. The appropriation of all the territory acquired by the common blood and the common treasure to sectional uses, would wear a very different aspect if it was your section that was robbed, instead of ours. You would not have made a martyr and a saint of a midnight murderer and house-burner, if the theatre of his exploits had been upon Northern soil. You would not deify a despicable demagogue like Seward, if his irrepressible conflict doctrine had been preached to a class of laborers in your midst; nor would any people, not hopelessly embittered against us, have greeted with rounds of applause the declaration of Wendell Phillips, that the name of a St. Domingo negro deserved to be written high above that of Washington on the roll of fame.

I know your answer will be, that these are not the sentiments of the people of the North. I have given the same answer for you again and again. I believed it for years—I wish I could believe it yet. But I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that those who preach these things are precisely those whom your people delight to honor. I waited and hoped for the dawn of a better day, until hope implied self-stultification. The "regular time for holding elections" has come and gone many times since this agitation began. Each time, we were promised that abolition fanatics would be swept away by the blasts of popular indignation, and each time we have seen them grow stronger and stronger. We have allowed the people of the North "a chance to vote," not once, but often, and every time that chance was allowed them, they have exhibited a growing fondness for the worst men, and the worst doctrines with which your section of the confederacy is cursed. And now, we are asked to submit quietly to the election of a man whose nomination was made in open insult to our feelings—whose principles are avowedly hostile to our institutions, and whose friends, from the day of the election, have manifested no feeling but that of bitter, uncompromising enmity, while even you can offer us no hope of reaction anywhere, except in the little State of Connecticut. Pardon me for saying that the degradation to which you invite me is too deep to be accepted for the little good it promises to bring forth.

You express the hope that I will not use my influence to prevent a reconstruction. It is one of the misfortunes of the times that good men of the North do not seem to understand their own people, or ours. The work of reconstruction must be begun and carried on by you, and not by us. We have been reluctantly driven to disunion as the only refuge from slavery. If you want us back again, the *first thing to be done is to remove all just causes of complaint, and dissipate all well-founded apprehensions of future aggressions. You must observe the laws, establish justice, and manifest a determination to respect all our constitutional rights. Until this is done it is childish to talk of reconstruction.* You cannot expect us to enter into a new partnership while the wrongs and insults of the old one are unredressed, and no provision is made against their recurrence. And now, sir, let me ask you, in all candor, do you believe it possible that we can obtain either redress for the past, or security for the future? Do not answer me by the poor subterfuge that a Democrat will be elected in Connecticut, and another might be in New Hampshire, if the Democracy were not demoralized.

I know, and you ought to know, that the Democracy have furnished the main pillars of the abolition Church. I do not care to know, therefore, whether the Governor of Connecticut claims to be a Democrat or Whig. That which I wish to know is, will this slavery agitation be allowed to cease? *Can I travel through the State of New York with my servant without his being stolen from me? Can I go to Ohio to recapture a slave without being sued, and held to bail, on account for work and labor done during the time he was held as my property under the laws of my State? Can I go to Pennsylvania for the same purpose, and not incur the danger of being murdered by a mob?* Can I go anywhere at the North without being obstructed in the pursuit of my constitutional rights? Will any Northern Governor surrender a felon who has deprived me of my property? Until you can answer these questions to my satisfaction neither my voice nor my vote shall ever be given for a reconstruction of the Union. I have heard others say, and possibly you may say, that all these matters will be righted if we only give you time. Very well, take as much time as you please. We do not propose to limit you at all in that matter, but we intend to remain out of the partnership until it is done. It is your business—go to work and do it. After it is finished you will be in a condition to make propositions, and we can listen to them without dishonor. In the meantime, as a precaution against the possible failure of your efforts, we will go on to build such a government as will be sufficient for the protection of our rights.

There is another clause of your letter which I must not pass over unnoticed. You say, "If the Southern States desire peace they can have it, but they cannot maintain it by armed violence, which will surely beget armed opposition. We do desire peace, but we are not willing to purchase it at the sacrifice of our manhood; and threats of coercion will not frighten us into quiescence. We have been guilty of no violence—we have armed ourselves, as it becomes a free people to do when their liberties are endangered, and have prepared to welcome all invaders—in strict accordance with the advice of a Northern statesman—with bloody hands to hospitable graves. No collision will take place unless you bring it about; but you must dismiss from your minds the idea of holding forts upon our territory, or collecting revenue off our seaports. Peace or war is entirely at your option. We have no demands to make—we propose no interference with your rights, and no curtailment of your privileges, unless you esteem it a privilege to rob and enslave us; but we claim the right of deciding for ourselves what amounts to hostilities on your part, and will act accordingly.

It pains me to observe, in the whole tone of your letter, a spirit of fault-finding, which is a bad augury for the future. You seem to think that you have something to complain of. You overlook the wrongs and outrages of which you have been guilty, and murmur at our preparations for defence. It is the wolf charging the lamb with muddying the stream when it was drinking below him. It will be well for you if the simile ends here, for the lambs of this latitude are provided with deadly fangs, and are troubled with no scruples against using them in self-defence.

In conclusion, permit me to add, that if you would rebuild the temple of '76, you must begin by replacing the foundation stones which were fastened by the men of the Revolution—establish justice—promote domestic tranquillity, instead of disturbing it, and shape your policy so as to advance the general welfare, instead of the interest of a section. Do this, and you need not doubt that all of our duties will be discharged, and our obligations redeemed.

Very truly and respectfully, yours, etc.,
JERE. CLEMENS.

To Samuel R. Ogden, New York.

"FIERCE PHILANTHROPISTS."

From The New York Observer.

ONE of the profoundest mysteries in human nature is the readiness with which men overlook the general or grand result, while moving heaven and earth to accomplish a particular or subordinate end. Hence, in the mighty struggles in this country, of which the existence among us of the African race has been the occasion, the *well-being* of these people has been almost wholly disregarded by fierce philanthropists contending for a theory, regardless of the great question that is deeper and farther-reaching than the question of slavery. What shall be done with and for the free colored people in this land, is a problem that no statesman has yet ever attempted to solve. And because it has not been solved, it has grown more and more doubtful and difficult, till it stares us now in the face as one of the most fearful issues to be met in the immediate future. Men who have become callous by speculative philanthropy, and pursue their calling as reformers without emotion, because it is their business, may contemplate with indifference the present and prospective condition of a race of people among us for whose social and intellectual improvement there is scarcely any hope while they are here. But we confess frankly that such an expression as the following, from *The Central Presbyterian* of Richmond, Va., touches our sensibilities to the quick, and we do not desire to become case-hardened to such a contingency as is here predicted by a colored prophet:

"Some weeks ago *The Presbyterian Herald* quoted that part of our editorial remarks describing the manner in which the colored people in Richmond kept the day of national fasting and prayer, and how keenly they felt our national troubles. It adds: The African churches of Louisville were all open, and well filled on that day with devout and solemn worshippers. One of their ministers, himself nominally a slave, remarked to us, with tears in his eyes, that he believed they were to be the greatest sufferers from all this commotion, of any of the people of this country. To use his own language, '*They will tighten up the ropes on us, till we have no privileges left us, either North or South.*'"

Disguise it as we will, shut our eyes to the truth of it as we may, the cruel fact sticks us as with a knife, that the anti-slavery agitation of the last quarter of a century has not elevated, but has depressed the colored people of this country. It is a fact, incredible to foreign admirers of free and enlightened America, that whole States have shut their gates against the admission of the race as residents among them, and that in every State, section and community, they hold a social position that annihilates their hopes of ENJOYING the privileges of citizens, as if they had been born without brains. And, more wonderful still, the spirit of modern philanthropy is resisting all measures of amicable adjustment of our national troubles, at the risk of rending the Union, making slavery perpetual, reopening the slave trade with all its horrors, and without the slightest possible reason to suppose that disunion will be of the least advantage to the African race, bond or free! This is overlooking the greater result for the sake of the less. This is straining at a gnat, and swallowing a prodigious camel. This is being penny wise and pound foolish. This is setting fire to the barn to expel the rats. This is the policy that makes the Louisville negro cry out in despair, "Save me from my friends."

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

From The New York Express.

THE real, substantial cause of all our national woes is the miseducation of our people, and hence, all our efforts to restore public confidence will be all in vain, until the people are educated.

1. In the real meaning of the Scriptures, old and new, upon the subject of slavery among the Hebrews, and among the Romans, and our duties as Christians towards that state of society.

2. In the real physiological character and organization of the African negro, as distinguished from the Caucasian race.

That is to say, in our colleges, seminaries, schools, books, dictionaries, we have got to begin at the beginning of education, and study theology and ethnology.

These duties are impressed upon us because of the unrelenting, unwearying pertinacity of the Abolitionists of the country. Their fanaticism, for twenty years neglected, has, within the last ten years, maddened or bewildered the Northern States, captured three-fourths of the old Whig party and about one-third of the old Democratic party, and to the neglect of this fanaticism, we owe the existing Northern geographical party and the consequent disunion of our States.

The unrelenting activity of the abolition fanatics can be seen in the following extracts we make from an advertisement in THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, a fair specimen of the many others of the like kind afloat:

BOOKS FOR THE TIMES. A Depository for Anti Slavery and kindred publications has been opened in Albany, at 15 Steuben street, a few steps from the Delavan House. Among the works kept on sale at the Depository are The Speeches and Writings of W. Lloyd Garrison; The Sermons, Lectures and Speeches of Theodore Parker; Congressional Speeches and other Discourses by Gerrit Smith; Sermons, Lectures and Essays of Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D.; Travels in Texas and the Slave States, by Fred. Law Olmsted; The Impending Crisis, original work and compendium, by H. R. Helper; The Life of Captain John Brown, and other works by Redpath; The Memoirs and Sermons of Rev. Dr. Channing, Isaac T. Hopper, a True Life, by Lydia Maria Child.

Also, the Speeches and Writings of Horace Greeley, Alvan Stewart, Lysander Spooner, John G. Whittier, Gurowski, Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Frederick Douglass, William Goodell, George M. Stroud, C. C. Burleigh, W. H. Burleigh, Lydia Maria Child, A. D. Mayo, Harriet Beecher Stowe, James Russell Lowell, Henry Ward Beecher, John Quincy Adams, W. H. Seward, Charles Sumner, Joshua R. Giddings, Cassius M. Clay, William Jay, Samuel J. May, W. H. Furness, Lovejoy, Beriah Green, E. H. Chapin, Geo. W. Curtis, &c.

These works, with many others, will be sold at the publishers' lowest prices.

There will also be kept, for gratuitous distribution, a great variety of Pamphlets and Tracts on Slavery, Temperance, Woman's Rights, &c., &c.

☞ Donations are solicited to aid in printing and circulating Petitions, Tracts, &c.

Subscriptions will be received for the Anti-Slavery Standard, The Liberator, The Herald of Progress, and other liberal newspapers.

A good supply of Stationery will also be kept for sale at the Depository.

Friends of the cause, and the public generally, are invited to call. LYDIA MOTT, Agent.

Now, when we add to these publications *The Tribunes* and *Independents* circulated by clubs all over the Northern country, we see how thoroughly the Northern mind is poisoned and corrupted, and how indispensable it is for our future safety and prosperity thus to meet publication by publication, tract by tract.

In the cities of the North, from Baltimore to Portland, there should be organized *new* Tract Societies, with a head, say in the city of New York, and with auxiliaries all over the Northern States, whose principal object should be to discuss the Biblical exposition of slavery, and the ethnology and the knowledge of races—as descended from Ham, Shem and Japhet. The "Constitution" is now pretty well understood—but "the higher law" so often overrides the Constitution, that we must meet their fanaticism in theology, and ethnology too.

Who will start these Tract Societies?

Who will organize them?

What philanthropist will give them his time and attention?

Who will consecrate to them some of his leisure?

Be sure, people of the North, that even if the "Peace Congress" gives us peace to-morrow, this fanaticism will undo all their work, unless we meet the fanatics on their own ground.

There are hundreds who will contribute for the circulation of these tracts, if some few well-known men will only organize and start the societies.

A sharp and somewhat bitter letter is in our columns from the Hon. Jere. Clemens, of Alabama, to Samuel R. Ogden, of New York. Without indorsing or approving much in it, we nevertheless ask attention to it, mainly to impress upon the public the necessity of beginning the instruction of public opinion here at home, if we desire a reconstruction of the Union. Mr. Clemens, we may add, was a strong Union man, and resisted the secession of Alabama to the bitter end, in the hope and belief that the Northern States would, in Congress, set everything right after they had won the Presidency and power.

"It is your business," says Mr. Clemens, with great force, "to go to work and reconstruct the Union." Indeed, it is! We can hardly expect the South to reëmbrace us as brethren, until we stop the causes of just complaint which the South has against the North. We can promise reform for the better, and achieve it for a year or two, under the pressure of the times; but we can never secure it, until we reform public opinion in the Northern States of the Union.

For twenty-five years now, our people have been educated, by abolition tract societies and abolition preachers and lecturers, into the belief that negro slavery was "a sin and a crime," and *that* wrong education must be eradicated from their brains, their literature and their school books, by a thorough discussion of the Bible itself, before we can expect these SAINTS to endure fraternity in the Union with the SINNERS of the South. The Constitution is no obstacle to the radical and destructive notions of a man who believes that slavery, of itself, is a sin and a crime, and, therefore, just as much a sin and crime in the States as in the Territories of the States. Fugitive negroes will never be delivered up as long as men believe it a sin and a crime to obey the Federal Constitution, and the laws created thereby for the delivering up of runaways.

For twenty-five years, in all the Lake region of the United States, and in all New England, the people have been educated to believe that the African negro is the equal of the Caucasian white man, and hence, that the Declaration of Independence was made as much for the African as for the American; and until these people, who seldom or never see a negro, are reëducated into the fact that an African is not a Caucasian, there is no use in reasoning with them upon Constitutions, or even upon the Bible itself.

Tracts for the times are what are needed, then, for the proper education of the people: Tracts upon Theology and Ethnology; Tracts upon the Bible, and upon the races of men. The old commentaries upon the Bible, made before Abolitionism started, should all be republished. The life, history, physiology and craniology of the African should be fully portrayed, not only in words, but in pictures and drawings, as seen on the ruins of Egypt, and as dissected by the hand of the anatomist of the present day.

Tracts for the Times are the only remedy for our ills and misfortunes. The Republic can never be permanently reconstructed, till the prejudices of our people are removed. Tract Societies, then, should be forthwith formed, in every large city of the Union, and a powerful organization should be started, which will meet the Abolitionists on their own ground.

Selections.

MR. LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

REVIEW BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

From The Liberator.

SINCE the inauguration of the American government, in 1789, no fourth of March, in the extended line of the Presidency, has been crowded with such conflicting hopes and fears, on the part of the nation, as that of Monday last. Millions waited in almost breathless suspense to hear the first telegram from Washington, sent after the meridian of that day. It was problematical as to what might happen—and many apprehended the worst—whether the capital might not, after all, witness the commencement of that civil war which for weeks has hourly threatened, through the perfidy of Southern traitors, to deluge the land in blood; whether there would be a successful inauguration of the new President, or his life taken by the hands of assassins, notwithstanding all the military precautions of General Scott; and what, in case of no attempt to interfere with the inaugural programme, would be the tone and purport of President Lincoln's address, in relation to the new "Southern Confederacy," and its treasonable attitude and assumption. No such day of feverish anxiety was ever before passed by the American people. Fortunately, their suspense was not long continued. Before the sun went down, by the almost miraculous powers of the telegraphic system, they were put in possession of all the facts they so much desired to learn—namely, that no *coup d'etat* was attempted, no act of violence committed, but the inaugural ceremonies were performed with dignity and impressiveness in the presence of an approving multitude, drawn together from the remotest parts of the country, and the language of the President's address was marked by extreme moderation towards the factious Secessionists, and by a disposition at once to uphold the laws, and, as far as possible, to avoid the shedding of blood in civil strife. A night of profoundest satisfaction and repose followed that day of darkness and disquietude, as though not a cloud rested upon the future!

The relief to the mind of Mr. Lincoln must have been immense. Of his manly courage, no one can doubt. But where the danger of sudden destruction is imminent, and yet hidden—where the foe skulks in the assassin, and aims to strike the deadly blow, and yet conceal the hand—even the bravest must feel the pressure upon his nerves, far beyond that induced by the most sanguinary battle-field. It must be conceded, even by his bitterest opponents, that the new President has met the trying emergency with rare self-possession and equanimity.

Presenting to our readers his inaugural address in preceding columns, they will make their own criticism upon it, leaving us a similar privilege.

In the first place, as a whole, it is commendable for its brevity. The state of the country would have warranted a much longer address; but Mr. Lincoln is no word-monger, and deals in no circumlocution. His mind is clear and his style simple; so that he compresses into a single sentence what others would require much space to express.

Next—his argument against Southern Secessionists is compact and conclusive; for as they have no wrongs to complain of under the Constitution, and as they pretend to no conscientious scruples in regard to any of its provisions, they find no justification for their course either on patriotic grounds, or in a martyr spirit which will not consent to unrighteousness. All their treasonable acts have been consummated under the administration of their own choice! This is undeniable. Such was not the revolutionary struggle of 1776. It has not been possible for the Republican party to do any wrong against the South, even if it had any disposition to do so, because the reins of government have but just passed into its hands. To break up the Union on a pretence or suspicion of foul play—perfidiously seize fortifications, arsenals, and millions of other property belonging to the United States—obstruct the collection of revenue, or use it for treasonable purposes—fire upon a national steamship, and endeavor to sink it, while obeying legitimate orders—strike down the American flag, and run up a State flag of defiance in its stead—these are crimes of gigantic magnitude, which admit of no extenuation or atonement: and he who, intelligently conversant with them, does not brand them as the blackest treason, is himself a traitor at heart, and doubly to be detested if he pretends to have any concern for the preservation of the Union.

No party was ever more loyal to the Constitution, as interpreted for seventy years by the nation, than the Republican party. So far from attempting to meddle, by legislation or otherwise, with slavery in the Southern States, it has not sought even the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law (which Congress has the right to repeal, if it had the right to enact), nor the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia (over which the jurisdiction of Congress is absolute), but has confined itself to one issue—the non-territorial extension of slavery. In this struggle, the spirit of freedom has at last triumphed; but had it been otherwise—had Mr. Bell, or Mr. Douglas, or Mr. Breckinridge been elected, instead of Mr. Lincoln—there would have been no Northern secession—no factious resistance to the government—no plunder of public property—no trampling upon the national flag.

We volunteer this testimony in behalf of the Republican party as an act of justice, and not because we are in affiliation with it. Those who represent it as "Garrisonian" in its position or purpose, are guilty of a double calumny. Under the Constitution, it is willing to execute all the pro-slavery compromises of that instrument to the fullest extent; and here we take issue with it, as with the Democratic party. Our well-known motto is, 'No Union with Slaveholders!'

The position of the Republican party, on this subject, is very truthfully and most explicitly defined by Mr. Lincoln in his inaugural address. Wherein does it differ from that of the old Whig or the old Democratic party, so far as non-intervention with slavery at the South, or the recapture of fugitive slaves, or the suppression of slave insurrections, or the three-fifths representation, is concerned? As if this were not enough, the party, in its Chicago platform—after recognizing "the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions, according to its own judgment exclusively"—goes out of its way to "denounce the lawless invasion by an armed force of any State or Territory, *no matter under what pretext*, as THE GRAVEST OF CRIMES"! This is a cruel stigma cast upon the memory of John Brown and his martyr-associates at Harper's Ferry. What has the South to fear from such a party as this? And how can its though furnish a shadow of justification for the rebellious movement of the seven confederated States, now in open hostility to the Union?

See what Mr. Lincoln says in his address—an address, remember! to be read by all the civilized world—respecting that thoroughly inhuman and most revolting business, the surrendering of fugitive slaves by the people of the North! After quoting the constitutional clause, he says:

"It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves, and *the intention of the lawgiver is the law*. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution, *to this provision as much as to any other*. To the proposition, then, that slaves, whose cases come within the terms of this clause, shall be delivered up, their oaths are unanimous."

Very true, but such oaths are impious, and of no validity. Whoever returns, or consents to return, a fugitive slave to the clutches of his master, is, in the sight of God, an accomplice in man-stealing. To this extent Mr. Lincoln and the Republican party are guilty. We are equally shocked and surprised that he should *gratuitously* parade this infamous pledge in his inaugural address. Nor is it any atonement when he says:

"In any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man be not in any case surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well, at the same time, to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?"

These safeguards of liberty ought indeed to be provided—not merely "that a free man be not in any case surrendered as a slave," but that no fugitive should ever be carried back to bondage. The right of one man to freedom is by creation and destiny the right of every other; and President Lincoln has no better claim to be protected than any of the hunted refugees in the Dismal Swamp. He seems to have no bowels of mercy, *under the Constitution*, for those who are seeking their liberty by flight, and who deserve to be specially commiserated and aided on their way. He would modify the Fugitive Slave law (so he said before his nomination), but only to make its operation the more effectual! And yet he is the man—*mirabile dictu!*—whose election causes seven of the slaveholding States to revolt, and in hot haste withdraw from the Union! Surely, they must be desperately hard to "conciliate"! To Mr. Lincoln it is no objection that the Constitution enjoins the delivering up of the hunted fugitive; to us that obligation makes it "a covenant with death," to be given to the consuming fire. As if anxious to perpetuate the thraldom of the millions already in bondage, he admonishingly and fraternally tells the factious South that, in case of her withdrawal from the Union, "fugitives would not be surrendered at all" by the North! Then let such a Union be dissolved to-day, by mutual agreement! And when he further says—"All the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as another"—by those pregnant words, "*for whatever cause*," he means, beyond a peradventure, the suppression of any slave insurrection which promises to give freedom to the struggling insurgents! Another provision of the Constitution, making it "an agreement with hell," and therefore to be annulled and repudiated. What a mockery is his language, in this view, when he says—"Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulties"! What moral confusion and darkness have we here!

Doubtless, some credit is due to Mr. Lincoln that he is anxious to have "the safeguards of liberty" provided for free colored persons; and, also, that he ventures to suggest, what no other President has yet done (in view of, though he does not distinctly allude to, the numberless and most revolting outrages that have been inflicted by the Southern barbarians upon Northern citizens guiltless of any offence), that "it might be well to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." And does he expect to get such a law enacted? That is possible. But if enacted, does he expect it will be enforced? That is impossible! Nothing in the Constitution or the laws has ever been regarded by the slave-driving oligarchy in opposition to their satanic will; and while their terrible system of blood and cruelty is allowed to exist, Northern citizens will continue to be scourged, imprisoned, lynched, and driven out from the South, as hitherto, any law of Congress, any provision of the Constitution, to the contrary, notwithstanding!

Mr. Lincoln says—"A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted." Aside from arguing the illegality of secession, this is all he says of the treasonable and piratical conduct of the seceding States! A Southern confederacy of seven States, organized and in full operation, with a President, Vice-President, and other executive officers, and all the paraphernalia of independent government—with millions of stolen property in its hands—seizing upon nearly every fort, arsenal, mint and custom-house within its reach—and declaring an eternal separation—is simply described as "an *attempted* disruption of the Federal Union"—formidable indeed, but characterized by no fitting terms. However, in one thing he is explicit—and less he could not say, in fidelity to his oath as President of the United States:

"I consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and, to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution itself enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in *all the States*. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part, and shall perform it so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisition, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary.

I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union, that it will constitutionally *defend and maintain itself*; in doing this there need to be no bloodshed or violence, and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and collect the duties on imports; but, beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere."

Now, this is the nub of the whole controversy. On this depends whether there be a Union and a National government, as hitherto, or nothing but a dismembered confederacy. This is what the Southern traitors and their Northern accomplices impudently denounce as "coercion," and "a declaration of war"! Yes, the very party (Bell and Everett) that took for its motto, and ostentatiously flaunted it in the face of every one, before the election, "*The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws*," now brands this doctrine as murderous in the extreme, and insists on allowing the traitors to have their own way, no matter what the consequences may be! Villanous party. Rotten with hypocrisy, and inspired by a murderous malignity unexampled in the history of party strife! It wants the North to "conciliate," down to the subterraneous level of Southern treason! But it does not want Mr. Lincoln to be the President of the United States; and it prefers the triumph of sedition and piracy at the South to "the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws," under a Republican administration, after the pattern of Washington and Jefferson!

How is it possible that the President can be deluded into the belief that "there need to be no bloodshed or violence" in enforcing the laws "in all the States"? Does not the Southern confederacy stand ready to meet his first effort to execute those laws within its domains, by the bloody arbitrament of war on their part? And do not the border slave States stand in a bullying attitude, threatening to make common cause with the seceding States, if any "coercion" is attempted by the new administration? Either blood must flow like water, or Mr. Lincoln and the North must back down, and confess that the American Union is dissolved beyond the power of restoration. In vain does he beseechingly say to the traitors:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied [dissatisfied!] fellow-countrymen, and not mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict, without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it."

Will they give any heed to this? Will they not rather laugh his oath to scorn? Are they not hourly committing overt acts of treason? Are they not insolent and flagitious aggressors in stealing the property and firing upon the flag of the country, instituting a hostile government, and arming themselves for a deadly conflict which they are eager to wage? One party or the other must give way—which shall it be? In vain does the President tell them, "We are not enemies, but friends." Friends do not behave in this manner! The breach is natural, inevitable, and not to be repaired—it is the result of the "irrepressible conflict" between Justice and Oppression, Right and Wrong, which admits of no conciliation or compromise. Therefore, the time has come for decisive action! LET THERE BE NO CIVIL WAR, but A SEPARATION BETWEEN THE FREE AND SLAVE STATES, in the spirit of Abraham and Lot. The "covenant with death" must be annulled, the "agreement with hell" must no longer stand.* It is a sin, a snare, a delusion, a terrible curse, to attempt to perpetuate it. God wills its immediate and eternal overthrow: THE WILL OF GOD BE DONE! Let the free North be free indeed—fashion her own institutions, and dictate her own policy, leaving the South with all her dread responsibilities resting upon her own head. In that case, she cannot long uphold her tottering slave system—speedy emancipation will follow—and the final result will be the formation of a Union stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, one in spirit, in purpose, in glorious freedom, the bitter past forgotten, and the future full of richest promise!

*"For the Lord spake thus to me with a strong hand, and instructed me that I should not walk in the way of this people, saying, Say ye not, A CONFEDERACY, to all them to whom this people shall say, A CONFEDERACY; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and he shall be for a sanctuary. * * * Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces; gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces: take counsel together, and it shall not stand: for GOD IS WITH US. * * * Thus saith the Holy One of Israel, Because ye despise this word, and trust in oppression and perverseness, and stay thereon: therefore THIS INIQUITY shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall, whose breaking cometh suddenly at an instant. * * * Your covenant with death shall be annulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it. Now, therefore, be ye not mockers, lest your hands be made strong."—[See ISAIAH viii., xxx., and xxviii. chapters.]

THE SENTIMENT OF VIRGINIA.

Correspondence of The New York World.

RICHMOND, Va., March 3.

THE question of secession in Virginia is no longer talked about. Her alliance with the Northern confederacy is now a fixed fact, and her influence has operated to secure with no less certainty the union of the border slave States in a like policy. The convention now in session here will sow dragon's teeth which will yield by and by results more disastrous to the slavery interest in Virginia than could be produced by a century of anti-slavery agitation. As late as yesterday, a resolution was offered in the convention by Mr. Turner, of Jackson County, in north-western Virginia, indicating a purpose to change the present basis of taxation, and subject slave property to the *ad valorem* principle. The result of this change will be to increase the tax upon slaves at least three hundred per cent. Here will be a death blow at once given to the institution in Virginia. Even at the present diminished rate of taxation upon slaves, with a discrimination of three or four hundred per cent. in their favor, complaints are not unfrequently heard; but what will be the feeling when the proposed increase is carried out? No man will desire to possess slaves; and we shall probably have a thorough exodus of them while yet there is time left to dispose of them at some advantage. The issue of union or secession made in the late election has resulted in the choice of a large majority of delegates whose opinions are anti-slavery. Upon an issue less extreme, these men would have no chance of election. But the people, as if the more emphatically to express their condemnation of the secession policy, sent to the Convention the very men who were the most obnoxious to the pro-slavery sentiment of the State. It was not contemplated when the Convention was called to touch the subject of taxation. The Convention of 1850 provided that the present system should continue until 1865, and the present Convention, being called merely for Federal purposes, was not understood as contemplating any change in that system. The anti-slavery sentiment being, however, aroused, and that interest seeing the great advantages which it possesses in the constitution of the present Convention, has determined to avail itself of this opportunity to give a fatal blow to the pro-slavery interest. It will so burden it with taxation as to render the possession of slaves in Virginia a disadvantage to their owners. It will, in ten years from this time, almost entirely eradicate that interest from the State.

It has always been said that the Federal patronage is all-powerful in Virginia. Virginians are regarded as having a proverbial love of office, and the inference is that they are readily susceptible to the influence of the government having this patronage in its gift. There never was a more perfect truth. The anti-slavery sentiment in Virginia has attained a strength for the last three months that no man could have predicted for it in five years. I have observed that it seemed to increase as the 4th of March approached, quadrupling in the ratio of its progress with the diminution of the interval to that period. Every twenty out of one hundred Whigs and Douglas men in the State are office-seekers under the new administration. If their greed is even partially satisfied, an anti-slavery interest will be built up in Virginia which will effectually crush any secession movement that is ever likely to be inaugurated. The influence of the Federal patronage is operating prospectively to a degree that excites serious apprehension in the pro-slavery ranks. They see in that influence, and the contemplated increase of taxation upon slave property, the doom of the institution in Virginia.

GOVERNOR SEWARD'S NEW IDEA.

WE printed conspicuously in our last the following report by a friendly hand of a brief colloquy between Gov. Seward and the Illinois Republicans now or recently in Washington; but the subject is so important that we reproduce it as a text for some strictures which seem to us demanded by a great public exigency. The report is as follows:

The citizens of Illinois now in Washington called on Mr. Seward after the Inauguration, and, in response to their congratulations, he said:

"GENTLEMEN: If you want to save this Administration, and have it successful and profitable to the country, I implore you to remember that the battle for freedom has been fought and won. Henceforth forget that freedom ever was in danger, and exert your best influence now to save the Union. Let it not be said that the Republican party of the United States won its first, last, and only victory, over the dissolution of the Union."

One of his visitors remarked:

"Governor, I want the integrity of the Republican party maintained."

Mr. Seward responded:

"Remember that the way to maintain the integrity of the Republican party is to maintain the Union. Remember that the point at which the enemy strikes is always the point which you should defend."

Mr. Lovejoy interposed and added:

"And remember that the Union is worth nothing except so long as there is Freedom in it."

To this Mr. Seward replied:

"Freedom is always in the Union."

Comments by The Tribune.

We confess to little skill in unriddling Delphic oracles, and that last remark that "Freedom is '*always* in the Union'" is either bunglingly reported or its significance has escaped us. We understand by "Freedom" the conceded and protected right to one's own life, liberty and property, including the right to travel on lawful business and with laudable purposes wherever one's own inclination shall dictate. Now, then, let us suppose that the President elect of the United States, his Secretary of State, and (pardon the presumption!) the editor of *The Tribune*, had, in the middle of last November, set out together on a tour of observation and inquiry throughout the Slave States, with a view to our future political action. Is there one chance in ten thousand that we could have concluded that tour without being—not one merely, but all of us—abused, outraged, scourged, tarred, beaten, and killed? Does not Mr. Seward fully realize that we could, with far greater chances of surviving, have taken our way plump across the continent of Africa, through its most savage and inhospitable regions, traversing the kingdom of Dahomey and drinking from the fountains of the Nile, than to have undertaken this journey through fifteen of the States over which one of us had just been elected President with the hearty concurrence of the other two? And if such be the truth—if it be (as we know it is) the fact, that no man can this day avow, in any city or village of the cotton States, that he voted to make Abraham Lincoln President, without imminent peril of shameful outrage if not violent death, in what practical sense can it be true that "Freedom is always in the Union"?

We have never cherished an unkind feeling toward our fellow-citizens of the slave States. We have ardently desired, and still desire, their prosperity and happiness. True, we believe—as nearly all their revolutionary patriots and statesmen believed—that slavery is their opprobrium and their curse—the sole reason why Virginia is not to-day richer and more populous than New York—why Kentucky and Tennessee have fallen far behind Ohio and Illinois in the race for greatness—why genial Arkansas is a far less important and populous State than bleak Wisconsin. Imbued with this conviction, we have honestly and ardently labored to cast out their devils—perhaps not always discreetly; for casting out devils is a work that politic and eminently discreet persons are apt to eschew and avoid. The demons are certain to cry out, "What have we to do with thee?" "Let us alone!" etc., etc.; and when they "turn and rend" their victim—often, alas! without coming out of him—the consequent disorder and suffering are sure to be attributed by the sufferer to the exorcist rather than to the real culprit. And while we might, to-morrow, travel in safety through and through the dominions of the French despot, whom we have always detested and denounced, we could not have traversed any one of the cotton States, even before Lincoln's election, save at the hourly peril of lawless arrest, violence and murder. In what practical sense, we again ask, is there "freedom always in the Union" *for us*, or for any of the eighteen hundred thousand voters for Lincoln who neither conceal nor apologize for that vote? A *British* sea-captain is tarred and feathered in Savannah for doing a perfectly innocent and legal act, and all Cottondom hastens to explain and apologize. Had an American Republican done the same thing there, he would have been treated far worse, yet the whole Jeff. Davis empire would have justified and applauded the act. In what sense, we again ask, is there "freedom always in the Union"? If this is freedom, what would be despotism?

—Mr. Seward's motives and purposes we do not question; his policy seems to us fatally mistaken and perilous. The implacable adversaries of the Republican party have steadily opposed its accession to Federal power on the assumption that in such event it must either abandon its principles or submit to a dissolution of the Union. We have all steadily combated that assumption—Gov. Seward as valiantly as any of us. We all held that the Republican doctrine was good to live by and good to die by—good alike when its advocates were in power and out of power. At length, through a wise selection of candidates and a gallant effort on the part of their supporters, powerfully aided by the distraction of their opponents, the Republicans have achieved a partial triumph—their chosen leader is in the White House. Thereupon the slave-drivers notify us, with preposterous insolence, "Just back square out of your principles, or we will rebel, fight you, and dissolve the Union." Ninety-nine of every hundred Republicans, so far as we can gather their opinions, meet this atrocious demand with indignant defiance. Mr. Seward answers it as we have all read in his recent speeches—as we see in the above. We sadly feel that such responses embolden the villains who are plotting the overthrow of the government—that they encourage the perpetrators of such diabolical treachery as that of Armstrong, of Breshwood, and of Twiggs—that they are luring weak men and bad men into the meshes of treason under the fatal conceit that there is to be a "reconstruction" under which the caitiffs who have betrayed the confidence and pulled down the flag of the country whose bread they have eaten, whose favor they have so long enjoyed, are to be restored to the rank they have forfeited, the honor they have "vilely cast away."

Up to this hour, there has been no offer, no suggestion of peaceable adjustment on the part of the rebels which did not clearly involve the demoralization and disbandment of the Republican party as an indispensable condition. We can have peaceable possession of the offices only on condition that we repudiate and trample on our principles. The Revolutionists say, "Choose between the Union and your distinctive Republican ideas." Gov. Seward says, "Save the Union anyhow." Who fails to see that one of these adjurations is the complement of the other?—that what the one haughtily requires the other virtually entreats us to surrender? If we understand Gov. S., he holds that the great object of the Republican party can be secured, even though we formally surrender its cardinal principle. The policy thus indicated savors more of sinuous craft than manly directness. It seems to us at once unwise and unsafe. It unnerves the Republicans, and it emboldens the traitors. It is calculated to wreck the Administration without saving the Union. Let us rather walk in the light, bearing our principles proudly aloft, and trusting the issue to God.

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF SLAVEHOLDING SOCIETY.

WHIPPING A NEW YORKER IN MISSOURI.

HERE is an extract from a letter written by H. W. Beach, of Essex County, N. Y. He had done work in Missouri, and went there to collect money due to him. The letter tells the result. Singularly enough, the unreasonable young man seems to be opposed to compromise in the case:

NEBRASKA CITY, Feb. 13, 1861.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: When I got back from Wisconsin, some one had told them that I was a salaried "nigger thief"; so I was taken the very night I got back to where I had been at work in the woods, by ten or twelve ruffians, *stripped bare*, tied to a tree, a *rope put around my neck and over a limb*, and told that I had got to "own up" or be whipped to death. I tried to reason with them, but they were full of whiskey, and, of course, it did do good. They cut a whip *eight or ten feet long* (crotched), and then set one man to pull up the rope, and another to apply the forked gad, *with both hands until it was used up entirely*, and then gave me a chance to "own up" again. I told them they could probably extort anything they wished to by whipping long enough, but that, as long as I had my senses, I could tell them nothing different from what I had. They got another gad then, and used it up in the same way, put a fresh hand at it, of course, this time, whether to divide the honor or to multiply the pain, I could not determine, probably the latter. Thanks to kind human nature, *it refused to feel the most of the last "fifty,"* as they called it. The three that did the whipping and choking were strangers. The others stood off at a distance, and as it was between 8 and 11 o'clock in the night, I could not recognize them. The leader has been justice of the peace, and is now Postmaster at Fillmore, Mo. They tried to frighten me with their revolvers, and one that had hold of the rope, after they had concluded to whip no more, stuck his revolver up to my head, and, with great gravity and sternness, said: "Now, G—d d—n you, own up, or I will blow your d—d brains out." They caught hold of him and held his pistol. Then he swore he would break my neck, and then jerked up on the rope, but they at length untied me, not, however, until I had promised to leave and stay away, which is not hard to do. The charge of "Abolitionist" was a base fabrication, got up by one or two that were owing me, to get rid of paying. Now I hope there may be a civil war—anything for an excuse for me to go into Missouri to hunt some of those bloodhounds; but I will hold my temper.

The Essex County Republican says of this case:

"Now, in the name of God and outraged humanity, we ask, how long are free-born citizens of this Republic to suffer such indignities? Are we men, or slaves, to submit quietly to any hellish outrage which these slavery ruffians may see fit to inflict on our sons or daughters? If our manhood is not entirely gone, then, in Heaven's name, let us demand redress for this and similar outrages, and also security and safety for our citizens in the slave States; and failing to obtain both by fair and peaceable means, then let us demand and secure at the point of the bayonet, on the red field of battle, if needs be, the rights which God and nature have made inalienably ours."

We fear our Northern contemporary is guilty of agitating the slavery question. Be cool; let us compromise.—*Tribune.*

HOW THEY PAY DEBTS TO NORTHERNERS.

A man who lately returned to Rock Island, Ill., after trying to collect some debts in the chivalrous South, gives the following account of his adventures. He does not say whether he is in favor of compromise, but we venture to guess that he is not:

"I went down the river toward the end of October to seek for work. I hired out on the 5th of December with a man named Edward Dyer, to cook for a gang of hands at work at ditching and repairing levees, on the northern boundaries of Louisiana. I was to have $35 a month and board. I got along with him without any trouble for over three months, and I gave, so far as I understood, entire satisfaction. At the end of that time I happened, in the presence of Dyer's two brothers, to see a negro flogged, and, as the poor fellow was groaning most pitifully, I could not help saying, 'Poor fellow, what a pity!' The next day Dyer's brothers swore that I was an Abolitionist, and that they would bury me alive. They then took me and held me down by main force, where the hands were wheeling dirt, until about fifteen barrow loads of dirt had been emptied over me. I expected never to have come out alive, but finally they let me go, and with many oaths ordered me to go to their brother's

office and settle with him and begone about my business. There was then owing to me eighty-three dollars. Edward told me that he should not pay me more than five dollars, for that would carry me to Memphis, and to be off before night, or else if his brother caught me there he would surely kill me. I was obliged to take it and go, for he presented a revolver at me, and swore he would shoot me unless I went about my business. After I had travelled about three-quarters of a mile, he overtook me and gave me another five dollars, which he said was enough to carry me to St. Louis, and, at the same time, he threatened that if I mentioned at the neighboring town how I had been treated, I should be lynched to a certainty, for he should be there himself early the next morning. I got on board a boat bound up the river, the very next day, in company with a gang of Irishmen, who, as they told me, had been cheated out of their pay in much the same manner.

"It would have been perfect madness for me to stay and attempt to collect the money due me. I had seen enough to know that any man charged with being an Abolitionist was certain to be hung or thrown into the river by lynch law; and there were Dyer's two brothers ready to swear, as they told me, that I actually was an Abolitionist. Not very long before I left, a planter had been robbed and murdered on the highway, and there came along on the levee where we were working a crowd of some forty ruffians, armed to the teeth, and accompanied by forty hounds, such as are used to track runaway negroes. They searched the cabin where I cooked, and inquired particularly after any strangers. Three hours afterward they returned with a white man whom they had caught, tied to the tail of a mule by a halter which had been tied around his neck. The mule travelled at a good round trot, and he had to keep on a run to save his life. I heard that they took him into the timber and half hung him to make him confess, and would have hung him outright but for a planter who persuaded them to wait till the next day, and give him a trial by jury. The very next day the real murderer was caught, and this innocent man was released.

"Rock Island, Feb. 27, 1861. JOHN JONES."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE DANGER AHEAD.

A CRITICAL and anxious year opened upon the nation on the fourth of the current month. A year full of political crises and of business anxieties. But it is a year which has had its harbingers and forerunners, which showed its coming to be inevitable. Within the limits of our audience we have not ceased to declare that such a season of trial must overtake, in due time, the hollow prosperity and false greatness of the nation. For that prosperity and that greatness were built upon the shifting sands of expediency and upheld by the fatal support of crime. The hollowness of our boasted prosperity and the falseness of our vaunted greatness have been proved in the sight of all the world by the swiftness with which they vanished at the presentation of the first test, with which they yielded to the first touch of pressure. The country was just well recovered from the financial disorder of 1857. Manufactures had revived, commerce was reëstablishing herself, the West was recovering from the prostration consequent upon over-trading and feverish haste to become rich, all the elements of confidence and industry which could insure prosperity were at work to make the present year one of unusual prosperity, the *prestige* of the nation was never greater in the eyes of the world, when, in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, all was changed, the gold of our winnings turned to pebbles and dry leaves, like fairy favors, and the place we held in the admiration of the other nations vanished and known no more.

And what was the immediate cause of all this? Had inundations drowned our cornfields, or pestilence laid waste our cities? Had foreign invasion overrun the land, or civil seditions torn it asunder? Nothing of the kind. The people of the nation addressed themselves to the task of electing the Chief Magistrate whom it pleased them best should rule over them. All parts of the country united in the service and strove peacefully with one another to see which man the majority of the people would delight to honor. The urns closed upon the suffrages on the sixth of November, and when their lips were unsealed they proclaimed the decision of the general voice. There was no pretence of illegality or cheating. By the regular forms prescribed by public law, the President of the United States had been chosen by a large majority of electoral votes, and there seemed to be no reason why the machine that had worked for seventy years should be thrown out of gear at this time. Yet, as soon as the electric lightnings could flash the news over the South, one State in the shortest possible time withdrew herself from the Union, and her example was briefly followed by five or six more. In less than three months from the date of that memorable election, a new Confederacy was organized, with a President, a Cabinet, a Congress and a Debt, for all the world like her elder sisters in the family of nations. Because of this disturbance of the political elements the tranquil domain of commerce and industry has been shaken and its productiveness greatly diminished. Although the amount of suffering arising from this cause has been greatly overstated, for purposes of political effect, there can be no doubt that great distress and greater apprehensions have been occasioned by it.

And what was the pretence of this revolutionary movement? That a man had been chosen by the Northern States against the will and pleasure of the Southern States! Lying pretexts, to be sure, were invented for the purpose of stimulating revolutionary passions, such as that the new President was pledged to hinder the execution of the Fugitive Slave law and even to abolish slavery itself. But the leaders and the editors who spread these falsehoods knew better. Abraham Lincoln's record was not made up in a corner. He had scattered no ambiguous voices from the stumps of the West during his long public life. The platform on which he was elected contradicted them all. He had only to quote his own words, spoken long before, in his Inaugural, to make his allegiance to the Fugitive Slave law as clear as that of Frank Pierce himself. The more candid and intelligent of the Secessionists, the Rhetts and the Hilliards, admit that these pretences were merely pretexts, and that they have no apprehensions of unconstitutional (that is to say, of anti-slavery) action by the new President; but that his election has proved a disapprobation of slavery to exist in the heart of the North, which must grow in time into something dangerous to that cherished institution. In other words, the slaveholders see that the sceptre of political power which they have swayed so long, through the union which their community of interest secured amongst themselves and the divisions which the diversity of interests causes among the non-slaveholders, was like to pass out of their hands. It was true that by the strength they still held directly and by their creatures from the North, they could hinder any nomination and block every scheme of policy of the new Administration. But, still, they saw that their rebellious white slaves at the North must either be scourged into surrender and submission to harder terms than ever before, or else they must be cut adrift and left to shift as well as they might by themselves.

Obviously, nothing could be baser and more despicable than this conduct of those States. Or, if anything, nothing but the humiliations with which their Northern slaves are ready to buy back the yoke their old masters had just jerked in a huff off their necks. It would seem as if they really felt, what it is assumed their black brethren of the plantations do, that they could not subsist without that beneficent mastership. Even some who bear the name of Republicans seem to be infected with this insane delusion, and to think that the return to power of those insolent taskmasters were a blessing cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of every principle they ever thought they had. The disturbance in the affairs of the country is attributed to Anti-Slavery instead of to Slavery, and the suppression of anti-slavery meetings is proposed as the remedy for pro-slavery outrages. During the existence of the late Congress the whole power of the moneyed forces of the nation was brought to bear upon it to induce it to sign articles of capitulation which would be satisfactory to full-blown or budding traitors. The Peace Congress, the impertinent and unauthorized assembly which undertook to dictate to the real Congress what it should do, was but one of the methods employed for the dishonor of the country. Besides Union Meetings and Petitions swelled by fraudulent signatures, violence was openly threatened, a member of Congress actually attacked, and a scheme for the prevention of the Inauguration by force and bloodshed conceived and proclaimed as a part of the system of organized terrorism.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the Congress did stand its ground reasonably well. It did reject all the more offensive forms of compromise. The amendment to the Constitution, embodying the opinion of all but a very small though most respectable body of men, can hardly be accepted as a sufficient sacrifice by the offended powers. It should be resolutely resisted in the States on the ground that it gives a constitutional guaranty for one particular interest which it does not extend to any other, and that it does tie the hands of the people from abolishing slavery in this particular way, should any future time be ripe for it. Though, to be sure, it would only be untying their hands first, as they could as easily expunge this prohibition from the Constitution as they have put it in. Still, it should be resisted; but, at the same time, it should not be forgotten that these old compromises are only scotched, not killed. They will join again and crawl hissing round the land, seeking whom they may devour. If the Seceders find, as is likely, that they have only fled to ills they knew not of, worse than those they had, and are disposed to wait for propositions from us, there will be no limit to the submissions we shall be urged to proffer. The assumption of all the debts of all the States and of the Southern Confederacy, and all the expenses of the Secession, and the full reinstatement of all the resigned and dismissed officers, from Twiggs downwards, is the very least that will be pressed upon us. The opening of all States as well as Territories to slavery, and the permission of slaveholders to bring and keep their slaves anywhere they like in the North as long as they please, will not seem too much to offer in return for pardon and protection. Unless matters should take so strange a turn, by the action of the Confederacy, as to make reconciliation impossible, the next nine months will be one incessant warfare upon the moral and political anti-slavery public sentiment of the North, to mould it to fresh subjection and new disgrace. Let all Republicans who regarded the late campaign as anything more than a mere office-seekers' scramble, as well as all Abolitionists, see to it that they are not used to make the reign of Lincoln more disastrous to the country than that of any President that has gone before him.

THE LATE CLEVELAND (OHIO) TRAGEDY.

POOR LUCY! How she exulted when she found herself in Cleveland! Here she expected protection, guidance, encouragement. Her rights as a member of the human family and as a woman, she could not doubt, would here be respected. In the refuge here afforded, she might, unmolested, enjoy "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Why should she tempt the waters of the lake? Was she not now in the midst of a people who regarded human nature with complacency and reverence, under whatever forms and in whatever circumstances its presence might be manifested? Was she not surrounded by those who, on various occasions and with thundering emphasis, had proclaimed their abhorrence of American slavery; who had openly professed a warm sympathy with, a yearning compassion for, its victims? With what home-like feelings did she not here look around her—every face she saw beaming in her eyes with the spirit of dear humanity! Surely here she was more than *safe*—she was blessed!

Poor Lucy! She little dreamed, amidst the work and wages which were afforded her, that she was here exposed to treachery, alike cowardly and murderous. She never once thought—poor woman, how *could* she?—that Cleveland had become a Gibeah, and any white man she met an Ephraimite* "sojourning in Gibeah." She had never suspected that the religious sects and the political parties could, like Herod and Pilate when a Jesus was to be crucified, unite in offering her, a deeply wronged and utterly helpless sister, as a burnt sacrifice on the altar of compromise! That even the Republicans, putting themselves in the midst of their triumphs "on their good behavior," would spill her blood to quench the burning wrath of thrice accursed tyranny!

Poor Lucy! While occupied with her homely tasks, recognized by those around her as a member of the human family, she little thought that a *woman-stealer* was prowling on her track, scenting his hallowed prey with more than bloodhound keenness and eagerness! A woman-thief, fresh from the great National Brothel, setting his traps, spreading his nets in *Cleveland, Ohio!* How came the heartless villain to make Cleveland his hunting-ground? How durst he here avow his murderous purposes—pursue here his damned designs? Oh, he had learned something of the petted name which the professed friends of humanity in Cleveland had selected as their grand representative before the world. He was no stranger to the revolting avowals which Abraham Lincoln had the stupidity or the hardihood to obtrude upon his fellows—avowals which, in a lurid light, illustrated the stuff he was made of, the character he had formed, the objects he pursued. The craven creature refused to acknowledge, practically, any essential difference between a man as a man and the dog as a dog, which he claimed as his property! In his view, the thrice accursed Fugitive Slave bill was clothed with the majesty of law—was to be obeyed in its murderous demands! Of course, he regarded HUMANITY as a fit sacrifice for the bloody altar of the Union! Why should not a woman-thief, *as a woman-thief*, visit a people who could degrade themselves to such depths of absurdity and infamy as to select such a creature as their presiding genius—their representative and champion—amidst their gravest relations and highest interests? Why should he not thus test their professed loyalty to the South, their readiness to sacrifice truth, justice, humanity—anything hallowed in heaven and beautiful on earth—to a most devilish conspiracy? For such an object, he came in open day—head up—tramping stoutly along the streets—his rat's eyes peering around in every nook and corner in Cleveland! He saw that he was no unwelcome visitant! He found himself among those, of different sects and parties, who were eager to display their smutty patriotism—who were ready with the blood of helpless innocence to propitiate the favor of blackguards and cutthroats, anarchists and traitors, men-stealers and women-ravishers! He was so gratified with the reception, so respectful and fraternal, with which HIMSELF AND HIS MISSION were here honored!

Poor Lucy! And so she was seized, in *Cleveland, Ohio*, by legalized treachery and violence, and hurried away before a tribunal which was thrice dead to the authority of God and the rights of man. Here she stood, friendless, helpless, forlorn—A WOMAN, and, as a woman, representing all other women, representing all the mothers, and sisters, and wives, and daughters, under heaven. In that dark hour—in that frightful condition—denied and forsaken by all her fellows who could afford her sympathy and protection, *all our mothers and sisters, all our wives and daughters, lived in her and she in them.* Their rights and hers were identical. The hand which assailed her assailed them; the indignities and injuries which were inflicted on her, fell with undiminished weight on them. *She was a fair test of the regard of all around her* FOR WOMAN, *universally, wherever and however she might urge her claims on their attention:* of the regard of sons for their mothers, of brothers for their sisters, of husbands for their wives, of fathers for their daughters. To consent to her surrender to the villain who claimed her as his property, was to consent that woman, universally, all mothers and sisters and wives and daughters, should be given up to prostitution in the American brothel. So the matter stands—must stand in the consciousness of every thoughtful man—*stands on the firm and hallowed basis of the* UNITY OF MANKIND. Let the craven wretches think of this, who gave up poor Lucy—*for give her up they did!*—to the "tender mercies of the cruel"—who, on the very ground on which Jesus of Nazareth was fastened to the cross, threw her back to the big brothel whence she had escaped. Let them think of this, as think of this assuredly they will when they appear before the bar of truth and justice—when they are forced to give an account of themselves to Lucy's omnipotent and ever-wakeful Father. Then, when poor Lucy was given up to the creature who blasphemously demanded her as his chattel, "then did you and I and all of us fall down, and BLOODY TREASON triumphed over us"! Then was the "Son of God crucified afresh," and with aggravations most marked and flagrant! For would not He have preferred the cross, a thousand times inflicted, to the horrible fate of poor Lucy? Here I may pause and take breath. I have more to offer on this heart-breaking tragedy.

BERIAH GREEN.

* Judges xix. 22–24.

JEWISH SERVITUDE NOT AMERICAN SLAVERY.

THE JEWISH PRO-SLAVERY DOCTOR CONFOUNDED.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard:

I AM sure that you and every good Ye-hoode (Jew), as well as every good Go-e (Gentile), must have been surprised and mortified in reading the sermon preached by Dr. Raphall on the late fast day, in which he declares slavery to be no sin, and that it is sanctioned by the (*to-rah*) law of God. This statement no pious *Ye-hoode* or *Go-e* in Europe or America will believe. I would not have noticed his sermon, weak and unscriptural as it is, but some of my intimate and learned friends called my attention to it, and wished my remarks to be sent to you for publication.

First, then, the doctor has begun wrong and ended wrong. He condemns Henry Ward Beech[er] (sinner) for the very thing which he has [illegible]—that is, for blending politics with religi[o]n. If he is to be condemned for reprobating slavery in the pulpit, the doctor is equally guilty for advocating it there. But to come to the issue on slavery: The doctor traces it up to Ham, the third son of Noah. *E-vad*, which he improperly calls *ne-vad*, he renders "a slave," but erroneously such, for it never means a slave in our sense of the word, but a servant, hired man, soldier, or an apprentice. It is applied to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; to Moses and Aaron, Caleb and Joshua, David and Daniel, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel, and to *Me-she-ach* himself (Isa. lii, 13); and surely they were not slaves, but free persons.

2. The learned rabbi has made a sad mistake when he says *e-vad* means a slave, and *a-vadim*, slaves. This is a noun in the genitive case, governed by the preposition "of" following the singular noun, which is in the construct form. If, then, one means a slave, so the other, in the plural form, means slaves, and he, Ham, was a slave of slaves—either of slave parents, or he was only to be the slave of his two brethren, Shem and Japheth—"a servant of servants shall he be to his (two) brethren." The conclusion, therefore, must be that either his parents or brethren were slaves, or that he was owned by slaves, and these were his own two brothers. Gen. ix. 25.

3. The doctor has made another mistake. He has not looked at the grammatical construction of the text. Ham is a proper noun, singular number, and the curse (if any) is confined to him alone, and not to his posterity: "A servant of servants shall he be." And this curse never came on his posterity, for the Canaanites were never in slavery. And recollect, this is neither a prophecy nor a curse from God; but simply a reproof from Noah to his son because he laughed at his folly in drinking too freely of wine without knowing the strength of it. But *a-roor* has various meanings—to blame, reprove, admonish, speak evil of; and *be-rooch*, rendered bless, means to praise, speak well of, "curse." Job ii. 9. That the curse of slavery never came on Ham or his posterity is beyond all doubt; but it certainly came on the posterity of Shem and Japheth, for they were in bondage many years in Babylon, in Asia, and in Europe; so that the curse was turned into blessing, and the blessing into a curse. The doct[or has] forgotten also that the sins of the fathers were on[ly to] be extended to the children "of the third or fou[rth] generations"; so that the curse could not be extend[ed] to Ham's children beyond that period.

The doctor and his pro-slavery brethre[n believe] HAM *to have been a black man*; this is a mo[st absurd] idea, for *all* his posterity were white—that [is, the] Phœnicians or Canaanites and Egyptians—they w[ere of] a dark brown color, but not black; it is the climate [and] not the *curse of Ham* that changes the complexion [of] man; this is confirmed by Dr. Livingstone. In his lat[e] Researches in Africa, he states that in the low and hot country, the inhabitants are *perfectly black*, and in the high sandy districts *almost white*. But we have this assurance from the Bible, that "God made of one blood all the nations of men that dwell on the face of the earth." Acts xvii. 26.

There is no distinction whatever in the Church of Christ between the rich and the poor, the bond and the free—we are all one in Christ Jesus. Gal. iii. 28. And though he was Lord of all, yet he was the servant of all, and stooped so low as to wash his disciples' feet.

The pro-slavery bishops, ministers and members of Churches are at a great loss for arguments and examples to prop up their rotten system of slavery, when they refer to the case of Hagar having been sent back to Sarah as a *runaway* slave. They have forgotten that she was Abraham's lawful wife (Gen. xvi. 4) and all her posterity born free and "never were in bondage to any man" (verse 12). The Ishmaelites are all freemen to this day, but to put the matter beyond doubt, St. Paul declares this to be *an allegory*, in which one thing is said and another intended—a thing not literal but spiritual (Gal. iv. 23, 24).

4. Does the *Ko-dish-lashon* (holy, inspired Scriptures) sanction slavery? We say, No; it condemns it in every part of it; neither God, his Word, or his people ever sanctioned it. "It is the vilest of all sins." God condemned it in Egypt, and destroyed all the first-born in it, both man and beast, because of it; and "he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and he changeth not." What was sinful then is sinful now in his estimation, and he cannot look on sin with any degree of allowance.

Some persons who are ignorant of the Holy Scriptures in the original (Hebrew) language, assert that *forever*, in Lev. xxv. 46, means *perpetual* or *everlasting*, but all the wise and learned Rabbins among the Jews, in all ages, refer *la-o-lam* to the year of jubilee, "when liberty was to be proclaimed to all the inhabitants of the land, Jew and Gentile, bond and free," Lev. xxv. 10–15. *O-lam* means *limited* duration when applied to temporal things. Gen. xiii. 15; xlix. 26.—and *unlimited duration* when applied to eternity, Gen. xxi. 23. Surely "the everlasting hills," the sacrifices, priests, incense and ordinances of the Jewish temple were not to last forever, and yet they are called "everlasting."

The Jewish law was such that if a person wished to hire a man for more than *six* years, he had to hire him from among the heathen to the year of jubilee, perhaps ten, fifteen, or twenty years hence. But it was *to be voluntary service*, the master agreed to treat him as his own son, and the servant to serve him as such; the contract was made in writing, and he was then called a *bond* or a BOUND *man*, and he pledged himself to become a proselyte to the Jewish religion, as there was but one law for the master and the servant, and if he pleased his master he might finally *become his son-in-law*, Prov. xxix. 21, Exodus xxi. 9. But the Wiseacres have forgotten that both Jew and Gentile, servants and bondmen, were under the one law, so that if the Hebrew servant and his whole family went out free in the jubilee, so must the Gentile or the bondman also. Here, then, is an incontrovertible argument.

5. We now come to the law and the testimony. The servant who ran away from his (heathen) master was not to be restored to him again. See Deut. xxiii. 15; xxiv, 14. Again: "He who stealeth a man, and he in whose possession he is found, shall both be put to death," Exod. xxi. 16, so that the receiver is considered as bad as the (*ga-nav*) thief. See Jer. (*Ye-ra-me-ah*) xxxiv. 8–22. The people and princes who entered into this conspiracy were either all cut off, or taken captive and sent into bondage. Zedekiah had his eyes thrust out and all his children hanged on a tree as a just retribution for the sin of not proclaiming liberty to Jew and Gentile, the former at the end of six years, the latter at the year of jubilee, for there are two distinct characters spoken of here—(*a-hiv*) a brother Hebrew and (*le-rai-ai-kov*) a heathen proselyte. Liberty was to be proclaimed to both; but there is no jubilee or liberty for either saint or sinner, minister or member of a Church, among the poor trodden-down slaves of free America. Their doom is bondage forever. In Scripture there was but one law for Jew and Gentile proselyte; they were both to be taught the Holy Scriptures, well fed, well clothed, and used well; and if the master disabled him in any degree, even to the loss of a tooth, he was to be set at liberty. Exod. xxi. 27. If this law were in force in the slave States, a vast many slaves there would, at this moment, be entitled to their liberty.

To make the case still more clear, the fast that God requires is to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free, Isaiah lviii. 6, 7; and it was prophesied of *Ma-she-ach* that he should "proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound." Isaiah lxi. 1. But Joel is still more clear: Tyre, and Sidon, and the people on the coast of Palestine sold the children of Judah and Jerusalem to the Grecians for slaves, and God declares that he would cut them off as a nation for doing it, and that he would cause them to be returned to their own land again. Joel iii. 5–7. Finally, the pious and learned Rabbins assert that in *Ma-she-uch's* (Messiah's) day there will be a new law, a new Sabbath, and new sacrifices; and in the New Jerusalem there will be neither sin, Satan, nor slavery. What does my learned friend think of this statement?

6. The doctor travels out of the Old Testament into the New to prove that both Jews and Christians tolerated slavery and held slaves. If they did, it was without authority from God or his word, and he cannot be either a pious Jew or Christian who is a slaveholder; but infidels of both sects have done it. But as the doctor does not believe in the New Testament, why does he bring it to prop up his tottering system of slavery? Well, he refers to the old and worthless argument of Paul sending back Onesimus to Philemon, "to serve out his apprenticeship to the tent-making business." (*See Tertullian.*) But the doctor has made another mistake, [One]simus was a slave, and had run away from [him, St.], Paul, as a Jew, who loved the law of [God and] kept every precept of it, could not, accord[ing to that] law, return him to his master. Finally, to put this matter to rest, he was Philemon's own brother in the flesh, and surely as such he could not, and would not, as a pious Christian, hold him as a slave. Phil. xvi.

7. Slavery is either holy or unholy, and surely no man in his senses will say it is holy; therefore it must be unholy, and God must hate it, for he cannot look on sin with the least degree of allowance. And if Adam and Eve had not sinned, slavery could never have existed in the world. Sin, therefore, is the cause of slavery, and the devil is the author of sin; and Christ, St. Paul declares, "came to destroy the works of the devil," and in the final restitution of all things, sin, slavery, and death will be utterly destroyed.

8. We assert, without fear of contradiction, that *doulos*, in either the Old or New Testaments, never means *a slave* in any sense of the word, but simply a servant, hired man, or an apprentice, such as Onesimus. Slave is not to be found in the Holy Scriptures. In Jer. ii. 14, slave in the text is in italics, and not in the original. And in Rev. xviii. 13, slaves is not in the Greek text, but simply *amaton*, bodies of men. Mystic Babylon was destroyed because she made merchandise of the souls and bodies of men.

9. If, as the learned Rabbi asserts, it means a slave, Christ and his Church, his ministers and members, were all slaves; but Paul declares they were the Lord's freed men. 1 Cor. vii. 2. And in the next verse, as they were free, he exhorts them not to become the servants of men. And yet he calls himself *doulos Christou*, the servant (not the slave) of Christ. For Christ came "to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free." *Doulos* occurs in Luke ii. 29; John xii. 26; I Peter ii. 16; Rev. i. 1.

Hence *Simon Petros doulos kai apostolos Iesou Christou*—Simon Peter, a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ. 2 Peter i. 1; see James i. 1; Jude 1. We ask, then, Were these holy persons slaves or freemen? All heaven and all earth will answer, They were the Lord's freemen.

10. Finally and triumphantly, if *aroor* means a curse, [a]nd that curse the curse of slavery, then Adam and [Ev]e and all their posterity are slaves, for that same [curs]e was pronounced on all of them. And as to *doulos*, [it is m]isapplied by almost all writers on the subject. [It mea]nt a slave among slaveholders, and a servant, [as a] prophet among Christians and Jews. [It is] the same as in the South, and among us. In [the South,] slave means *goods* and *chattels*, the same *as* [slav]es in the free states, and in the Constitu[tion, per]sons, human beings.

ROY.

COMPROMISE THE CORRUPTER.

AN EXAMPLE FROM HISTORY.

[illegible] sermon by Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER, at Jewett C[illegible] [F]eb. 17, 1861.]

THESE thoughts on the *need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise*, have a bearing, at the present time, upon the great work of the Church, viz., the subjugation of the world to Christ, and upon the probability of a swift or slow accomplishment of that work. They bear also upon the condition of our country at the present time. They give us encouragement as to what we may expect from God; and they show us what we have to do ourselves, as Christian patriots, in order that we may truly coöperate with God.

Our duty is, first, to assert the right and then stand to it patiently, without faltering or compromise; and, second, to see to it that those who represent us in the Congress and the Cabinet of the nation know our mind and regard it. The only real danger of the times lies in compromise, a term honest enough in itself, but so employed by political and ecclesiastical jugglers of this day, and by frightened Union-savers, that more is meant by it than meets the ear. Mutual concession on both sides is legitimately implied in its use, but virtual surrender of all on one side alone is meant. Now, our text tells us that we have need, not of compromise, but of patience, that we may receive the promise and gain the victory.

There is a very instructive passage for the people of God in this country, and for all true patriots at the present time, in the history of the Reformation in Germany. At the great Diet of Augsburgh, fifteen years from the beginning of the Reformation, Philip Melancthon was put forward as leader. The pomp and power of Rome confronted him there. Its doctors argued, its legates and princes threatened, and the Emperor of Germany was marshalling all his formidable forces against the Reformation.

In such a crisis, with civil and religious freedom both at stake, Melancthon quailed and compromised, just as [some] of the political leaders in our country seem about to do with slavery. Melancthon agreed to give up, virtually, all that the Reformation had won by its noble protest, viz., the right of private judgment, if the Pope, pardoning something to the spirit of liberty, would only grant two privileges—marriage to the clergy, and the wine as well as wafer to the laity. Just as it is now proposed to save the Union by only yielding the two "unimportant abstractions" of allowing slavery to go into the Territories on equal terms with freedom, and allowing slaveholders the friendly hospitality of transit through the free States with "their domestic institution."

The Reformation would have been betrayed, and all that had been gained in fifteen years of heroic struggle would have been irretrievably lost, when the approval of Luther was asked to the misnamed compromise; and now, hear the uncompromising hero, with the pluck and intrepidity without which let no man ever be put forward as a leader in Church or State: "What shall we concede? you ask. For my part, too much has been conceded already. We are to give up everything, it seems, and our adversaries nothing. Rather than consent to such a treason, I would myself come to Augsburgh, and be the John Huss of that Diet. Reconcile Luther and the Pope, and I will undertake to effect a compromise between God and the devil!"

This uncompromising attitude of Luther, and one thing beside, saved the Reformation. The thing beside was this: The Papal party to the compromise, encouraged by the timid and yielding temper of some of the Reformers, proceeded just like the present leaders of Southern secession with their Northern allies in our times. They boldly threw off the mask and said they meant SURRENDER, and nothing else. They could, after all, concede neither the cup to the laity, nor marriage to the clergy, and, so history tells us, the abortive attempt at compromise ended. The Reformation sprang to its feet once more, and strode forward on its victorious mission over crown and crosier, for humanity for liberty, and for religion.

Let us hope and pray that in like manner, in our day, at an emergency fraught with no less consequences for all time to liberty, humanity, and religion, the very exactions of the Secessionists may prove, under God, the means of saving the country from the baseness of compromise. Then will the present struggle, in which we have each the honor as well as responsibility of bearing a part, prove to be a no less eventful and decisive passage in the history of freedom and Christianity than that in which the noble hero of the Reformation performed so important a part. May God, in his infinite mercy, give us another Luther in the hour of our country's need. Let us earnestly pray that he may make Lincoln a Luther! Amen.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 11 1861.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the Inaugural Address is pronounced to be plain and direct, incapable of a double meaning, there seems to be a very decided disagreement as to what it means. Mr. Douglas says it means peace—no coercion—compromise. Mr. Trumbull, on the other hand, understands that it means the execution of the laws. Well, when the doctors disagree, who shall decide the point in dispute? I believe the Address *is* capable of two constructions: Mr. Douglas makes one, and Mr. Trumbull the other. Mr. Lincoln will act according to circumstances—this I have from high authority. If the state of the country is such as to render a resort to coercive measures imprudent, they will not be resorted to. But if the temper of the country will bear a pretty decided demonstration of the power of the government, that demonstration will be made.

But *how*, and *when?* There's the rub. It is very difficult for the Executive, in the condition of the seceded States, to interfere. There is nobody who will aid him there in the execution of the laws. He cannot legally march troops into a seceded State to execute the laws there. So, too, in reference to the collection of the revenues at Charleston, or any other port of the rebellious States. *How*, in the absence of the necessary laws, can Mr. Lincoln collect the revenues? Nobody can show how he can do it—he cannot do it. Whenever the Administration is ready to commence this business, the new Congress must be called together and laws must be passed to authorize the Chief Executive to collect the revenues on board a man of war, or to abolish Charleston and other Southern cities as ports of entry.

The probable course which the Southern Confederacy will pursue, so far as it can be gathered from the traitors still left in Washington, is as follows: the Commissioners will soon ask an interview with President Lincoln. He will receive them as citizens, *not* as Commissioners. They will return to Montgomery, and General Jefferson Davis will order the supplies to be withheld from Major Anderson. In eight weeks he must receive fresh supplies or capitulate. The government cannot send him supplies without a tremendous sacrifice of life. The issue will, in this way, be forced upon this government, unless the hotheads have their way, and make an immediate attack upon Fort Sumter. This is not likely. A Charlestonian, a well known Secessionist, and fresh from Traitordom, informs me that the plan I have indicated above is the one understood at the South to be the wisest for the rebels to pursue.

There is considerable speculation as to Mr. Douglas's course since Inauguration day. He is evidently moving up towards his rival, and it is thought by some that he will defend the new Administration in most of its measures. At the Inauguration Ball he was conspicuous in his attentions to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln; he has defended the Inaugural Address two or three days in the Senate, against the attacks of Wigfall, Clingman and Mason; and there are street rumors of other things which look somewhat like a union of the Douglas men with the Conservative or Seward wing of the Republican party. Mr. Douglas has great hopes of dividing that party into two parts, and if he can succeed in his purpose, he will gladly form an alliance with the Seward wing. But it seems to me that Mr. Douglas's elaborate defence of the Inaugural can easily be accounted for. He took this course adroitly, to get the ear of the people of the North *first* upon it, and to make the Republicans believe that Mr. Lincoln does not intend to enforce the laws, but will follow in the footsteps of his predecessor! It is an insidious attempt to drive the Administration into the adoption of Mr. Douglas's non-resistant theory of government. I will not do the New England school of non-resistants the injustice to compare Mr. Douglas with them. He is only for peace with slaveholders. He would execute the Fugitive Slave law with the entire army, if necessary. He, nor Pugh, would forego coercion in the free States. So far as they are concerned, it is a miserable doughface cry for the benefit of slave-masters.

I have just received a very well written argument in favor of the right of secession, from the pen of Rev. George W. Bassett, formerly anti-slavery preacher in Washington, and the only *Abolitionist* who ever occupied a pulpit in this city. He argues very eloquently for "peaceable secession," believing not only in the right of a State to secede from the Union, but also that secession or disunion is to be the remedy for slavery. Such an argument, from such a man, is worthy of respect; but when the wretched hell-hounds of slavery, who hail from free States, talk soft words of peace, fresh as they are from the atrocities committed in Kansas and all over the free States in attempts to catch men and women, it is, to quote the words of General Miller, uttered years ago, "enough to make the angel of God Almighty sick at the stomach."

There are singular rumors of a serious attempt to persuade Mr. Lincoln into the nomination of ex-Senator Crittenden to the vacant place on the Supreme bench. As the story goes, nearly all the Republican Senators favor the idea, and even Mr. Sumner and Mr. Wilson, according to the story at one time afloat, agreed to vote for the confirmation of the kind-hearted old Kentuckian. But so far as these gentlemen are concerned, the story, without doubt, was entirely false. Is this Mr. Seward's old idea of the "reconstruction of the Supreme Court"? Wouldn't it be *rather* amusing (if one could forget the moral character of the act) for an Administration and a party just in power on the platform of non-extension of slavery, to nominate and confirm a man to a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court who is openly committed to the doctrine of *slavery protection?*

The change in the Senate which places such men as Sumner and Wilson at the head of the important committees is an astounding one. One can hardly get used to it! To see Charles Sumner presiding in the committee room over Breckinridge, Douglas and other Democrats—occupying the chair so long kept warm by Mason of Virginia, is worth a journey from New York to Washington. By the way, Mason could not endure the humiliation of taking a subordinate place under Sumner, and so resigned altogether. Since the secession movement began, he has been the most uncomfortable man in the Senate. He predicted that Virginia would elect a Secession Convention, and was terribly disappointed when the result of the election in that State was known. Since then, he has been like a tiger in a cage, pacing uneasily up and down the Senate Chamber, stopping every day or two to utter an ill-natured growl at somebody. He still predicts that the Old Dominion will secede, and I dare say he is right. The persistent efforts of such men as he to misrepresent the intentions of the new Administration, and to influence the people of Virginia, will be sure at last of carrying that State along with the Gulf and cotton States. The line will, ere long, be drawn between slavery and freedom, and perhaps the quicker the better.

There are rumors that Messrs. Sumner and Hale expect foreign appointments. I hope not. Neither of them can be spared from the Senate. This is not the time for us to lose such men from Congress. Let Mr. Clay go to Mexico, and Evarts or Fremont go to Paris, or to any other European city; but let the strong men of the Republican party, the men of advanced opinions, stay where they are. The interests of freedom are in too much danger to spare them now.

We are soon to be gratified, there is a probability of it at least, with an act of political justice in the Senate of the United States. When Sumner was so brutally assailed and nearly murdered by Brooks, the Sergeant-at-arms stood coolly by, within a few feet of the parties, *and did not interfere!* The same man is still Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, but the act which he so wickedly permitted will cost him his place ere long. That act, coupled with others, has overturned the Democracy, and the Republicans will elect a new Sergeant-at-arms.

I notice that, in the last number of THE STANDARD, you allude to the tremendous contest which was [illegible] over Mr. Lincoln's selection of Gov. Chase for the [Cab]inct. It is scarcely possible to exagge[rate the dimen]sions of this struggle or its importance [illegible] Thurlow Weed was undoubtedly the [illegible] opponents of Mr. Chase, and Mr. Greeley was the [illegible] the movement in favor of Chase's appointment. Mr. Seward utterly refused to have anything to do with it. It was Mr. Lincoln's business he said and none of his.* It was the Bunker Hill battle between the [illegible] conservatives in the Republican party. This [prelimi]nary battle did not settle the contest. It [illegible] will go on, for weeks and months, until one wing or the other gains the complete control of the President. [So] far, Mr. Lincoln is inclined to play off one wing [against] the other, and so long as he retains this position, [it will be] very difficult to ascertain his own views and [illegible] *The Tribune* is the advocate and organ of the [radical] wing: *The Times* of the conservatives, not to [mention] the Albany *Evening Journal* in this connection. This contest—quarrel some would call it, were it [not] of principle instead of spoils—threatens to [illegible] the Republican organization, and it will repay [the most] careful observation, such as your correspondent will endeavor to give to it. Mr. Douglas is [illegible] Thurlow Weed, and the two men together [illegible] for the Evil One; but their tactics may not be [suc]cessful when practised upon honest men. In the Senate, but half a dozen Republicans are of the [illegible] clique, the rest are all firm old-fashioned anti-[slavery] Republicans.

As I close this letter, there are strange rumors circulating about Washington concerning Fort Sumter. It is said that Major Anderson will soon abandon that post, and that its further occupation is a military impossibility. From what I hear, I judge that these rumors are founded upon fact. Anderson has only [provisions] enough to last him two or three weeks at the fur[thest]. Military men of the highest rank and skill assert that the batteries of the South Carolinians are sufficient to prevent the entire American Navy from re[inforcing] the fort or throwing supplies into it. There is but [one] way to do it, and that is to land an army and march to the relief of the garrison. It would require [illegible] men to do this, General Scott says—and we have no such army at our command. So look out for the desertion of Fort Sumter at an early day. After [that] may not Douglas understand the policy of the Adminis[tration]? If Mr. Lincoln *means* to do anything, he will call Congress together. If he remains quiet, of course he will be understood as favoring a peaceable settlement of the question.

AVON.

* We have heard, on the contrary, that Mr. Seward [did] exert his personal influence to prevent the appointment of Mr. Chase, and that "Old Abe" gave him an answer which implied a purpose to be President himself, and not to play second fiddle to his Secretary of State.—*Editor.*

Our Boston Correspondence.

Confessions from Boston by an Ordinary Man.

NO. IV.

THE SUMMARY.—The autopsy of the autographs—How the [illegible] developed—The genuine *versus* the Gentile—A [illegible] young—The missionary at the dinner party—New calam[ity for] authors—The editor entreated—A father of a family.

BOSTON, March 11, 1861.

I WONDER if the autograph fever has assumed in the metropolis the fatal malignancy with which it rages in our Puritan suburb! The ruin of the country, the paralysis of trade, the stagnation of State street, seem only to increase the buoyancy of this fancy stock. The spring jobbing is as lively as ever, and extra novelties blossom from strength to strength of impudence. Pray, do pale-faced young gentlemen hover about your office, bearing fancy covered books entitled, in gilt letters, "Signatures of My Country's Gifted Sons," or "Life Mottoes by Illustrious Thinkers," or something of the sort? Are you continually adjured to make a fool of yourself by writing your name in attestation of some indisputable scrap of morality in these precious volumes? I don't say that my personal annoyance from such spasmodic gentry is at present very serious; but this fact, you will observe, only redounds to the glory of my disinterestedness in visiting their offences with a mild protest. I have several good friends, however, some of them ordinary men like myself, who suffer daily depletion from these literary leeches. This book business is a late refinement upon those letters demanding an autograph which every American citizen who is elected, or isn't elected, to anything, is sure to receive. One can't be chosen militia colonel, or abandon the Socinians, in peace and quietness! The moment a bubble or two suggests that you are gasping near the surface of the stagnant waters, these fellows hurl their paper life-preservers at the spot where you are expected to appear. The damnable iteration and indiscriminate character of their applications have deprived them of the slightest flavor of compliment; they are simply unmitigated bores!

Let us consider the matter rationally. No doubt the propensity of human nature to gather up the cast clothing of heroes is implanted for good and wise purposes. A genuine collection of autograph letters may do no better service than to gratify an idle curiosity. Get the genuine letter of a hero (real or sham) addressed to his valet, be it only about the disposition of certain gigs and silver spoons, and it shall furnish important illustration to his published treatises on the Silences, Abysses and Eternities. For instance, in a very interesting collection belonging to a gentleman of this city, whose knowledge and taste eliminate all trash, we find a scrawl sent by Mr. Webster across the Senate to a speaker who was accusing him of forgetting certain circumstances: "*I never forget anything.* D. W." The scrap of paper which bore this flash of concentrated rebuke was rescued from a pile of Congressional rubbish after adjournment. The sudden dash and sputter of the pen often carry meaning which type can in no way represent. Get for your collection, if you can, the printer's copy of some noted speech or poem. Observe the erasures of the writer! See what a tender consideration for the market or mawkish quality of public taste induced him to substitute for the expression that first wrote itself. Observe the dash that the statesman has driven through the word "slavery," and how carefully he has interlined, "a different type of labor"! Behold how that poet struck out the [illegible] Saxon stigma, bold as the vice it rebukes, and substituted the last meretricious Gallicism of Dumas. Such are genuine autographs of times and men, and we may study them to great profit. But what have these to do with a gentleman crossing his t's and dotting his i's, by particular request, in a ruled copy book? No autograph that is worth anything can be written in an album, or sent in answer to an application, and a demand for such things carries the discourtesy of making a compliance or refusal equally awkward.

Certainly, there may be occasional instances of such petitions that all good men would treat with [illegible] uess. All allowance for that sentimental fever of extreme youth, when we select our hero and [illegible] reverence whatever he has touched or trifled with [illegible] is better for us never to have had mumps or measles than wholly to have escaped this moral dizziness. [If] your boy has chosen Mr. Garrison, Mr. Everett, or Mr. Hillard, as the object of his enthusiasm, and I would be made happy by a line that one of them could write [illegible] him, let him have his desire and go in peace. But these itinerant collectors of whom I speak are only ghouls who devour newspaper notoriety. The [illegible] hand of the martyr miraculously unconsumed is adjured to write a name in their delectable volumes while the gentleman who lights the fire, and the [illegible] who carries the faggots, can in no wise depart till they have made their marks in the same receptacle. They pester the devoted missionary while he bids his friends farewell in the ship's cabin: and the cannibal who dines on him is at once addressed as "Honored Sir," and furnished with a return postage stamp. That you may see I speak by the card, I will mention that the very last of these books I turned over, exhibited on succeeding pages the autographs of Mr. Phillips and Mayor Wightman. Now, while it is evident that both these gentlemen may have a genuine circle of admirers, it is also evident that the collector who went from one to the other was an intruder upon each. A certain newspaper gossip is connected with both; and this was all that the collector seems to have been capable of appreciating. Barnum's "What is it?" and the "Double-headed Calf," appear likewise in the journals, and are honored with editorial notice: and a little inking of the paws or hoofs of these latter curiosities would, doubtless, be just as valuable, if it could be obtained gratis. To our fallen natures, however, imposing upon a gentleman seems to be more natural than paying a showman. I am told that these books, after securing

[illegible] complement of passengers to immortality, are [illegible] dealers in such wares; but on this point [illegible] speak with authority.

[illegible] not think me too hard on these ingenious com-[illegible]. They have a ghastly sort of fascination about them, after all. It is entertaining to see the different [illegible] of our fellow-citizens, caged as "happy fami-[illegible]" by various exhibitors. The rabble of antagonistic quadrupeds that the Museum people pen up together for our diversion is but an external correspondence of these sublime verities. There are several standard heavy fathers who are served up as the principal course of the banquet. Of these, a distinguished poli-[illegible], who of late years has been allowed the retire-ment of private life, is perhaps the favorite. After [illegible], are generally certain Doctors of good Union divinity, sound on the Scriptures concerning Onesimus, preachers of election sermons, and the like. Among [illegible] poets, Mr. Longfellow is, of course, the most popu-lar though, apparently, not always the easiest to pro-cure, as his contributions are often seen pasted upon the leaf in a highly irregular manner. The filling up is done by dilettanti in various departments of art, whose [illegible] is probably yet on its way to your metropolis. [illegible] woman's rights are respected, and the ladies allowed admission to very mixed society. Important statues are, notwithstanding, often absent from these pantheons. One seldom meets Emerson or Hawthorne, and I have always searched in vain for a fragment of the black [illegible] that sets the pearl we rescued from before your [illegible]ermen. When I make up my collection, I shall [illegible]able you to get for me the manuscript of one of those Tribune letters you are discerning enough to copy. And, by the way, when you erect, for the use of those who are in your service in this city, that Bureau of Correspondence which is one day to adorn a corner lot on our Back Bay lands, I pray you to retrench a little in gilding and mahogany, and keep a man in the basement to write our autographs and have his hair cut!

I don't know that I have much else to say this week. By the terms of our agreement, you remember, I am not expected to utter any news, or to chronicle the con-temporaneous history of that movement so near your heart. That is done by pens worn in the service, as well as by those yet refusing the means of grace you offer. Many are moving and thinking with you, who call themselves by other names. Years ago, the pro-phetic voices saluted you with the "All hail!" of the good Banquo.

"Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none!"

And ambitious men have found that it was but for your issue they filed their minds; and their eyeballs are seared, as *The Tribunes*, *Independents*, and the rest of your children, bearing globes and sceptres, pass over the stage of to-day. If you come last in the procession, it is only to give terrible meaning to the pageant, by smiling, and pointing to them as your own!

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1861.

Our anti-slavery operations have been, in a measure, suspended by the intense and all-pervading excitement of the political world. All eyes have been turned southward. The proceedings at Washington have been watched with feverish interest. The people have wanted nothing but news. They have had no relish for meetings, no desire to hear speeches. "What's the last news?" has been the question on everybody's lips. "What do you hear from Washington? What is the news from Harrisburg? Will the compromise go through? Anything fresh from Charleston? Will the Gulf States stay out now they are out—and are we finally rid of them? Will the border States follow them?" These and such like questions have been asked on every hand, and it has taken full half of an official anti-slavery man's time to answer them; the other half being required—and that has not been sufficient—to get the means of answering them.

It has been a glorious time for the newspaper men. Whatever other kind of business may have been dull, that of the daily journals has flourished "like the green bay tree." The first thing a man asks for, when he gets out of bed, is the morning paper. At noon, he wants to know if *The Tribune* has arrived; after dinner, unable to wait for the carrier, he sends out for the first edition of *The Bulletin*. A glance at the telegraphic column of these papers may satisfy him at the time; but he takes them all home with him in the evening and reads care-fully every editorial, communication and letter that pertains to the all-absorbing subject. It has not been the most profitable, nor is it a very satisfactory way of spending one's time, and people at last are getting tired of it; but for awhile, any other kind of occupa-tion was well nigh impossible. It amounted almost to a mania; it pervaded all classes. Such an avidity for newspaper reading I never before saw or heard of.

In this wrought-up, nervous state of the public mind, it has been difficult to hold anti-slavery meetings, or to interest the people in the aspects of the subject which most usually claim the attention of Abolitionists. Still we have not been altogether idle. We have held meetings, and have carried on—though in diminished measure—the usual operations.

But the time has come to buckle on anew our armor and go to work with more energy. Congress has adjourned; the Border State Conference has adjourned; the Legislature at Harrisburg is nearly ready to adjourn; President Lincoln is inaugurated; the new Administration is fairly installed; the Southern Confederacy is also an accomplished fact; and there is nothing more to keep us on the *qui vive*.

Let us be thankful that Congress arose without com-promising away any free Territory. Let us be "jolly"—in the true spirit of Mark Tapley—that the "*Peace* Conference" did so little mischief. Let us, as Pennsyl-vanians, felicitate ourselves—it is not often that we have the chance, and the opportunity may not last long—that our Legislature has been deaf to all the appeals made by the cotton, iron and general dry goods interests to induce them to make the business of slave-catching a trifle less odious. Let us remember, for our encouragement, and as a stimulus to renewed effort, that it is to the anti-slavery sentiment of the State, produced by faithful anti-slavery labor, that we are indebted for the measure of exemption we enjoy from disgraceful legislative action.

Pennsylvania, however, though much improved, is still behind in the race of freedom. Her leading poli-ticians are continually bringing the blush to the cheeks of her decent citizens. Look at the action of the majority of the Pennsylvania delegates in the so-called Peace Conference. With two noble exceptions—Wm. M. Meredith and David Wilmot—these delegates voted solid for the plan of compromise recommended to Con-gress. And, to make the thing more mortifying, Penn-sylvania had to help to give the mongrel product a name as well as an existence. It is known by the title of "the Crittenden-Franklin Plan of Adjustment. Mr. Franklin, it will be remembered, was the Attorney-General of this State under the administration of Gov-ernor Pollock. We would fain hope that, by their course in this matter, Messrs. Meredith and Wilmot better represented the feeling of Pennsylvania than did the majority whose action was different. It must be remembered that it was Governor Curtin who appointed these delegates, and not the people of Pennsylvania. But then, on the other hand, it must also be borne in mind that there was as large a proportion of the Mem-bers of Congress from Pennsylvania ready to agree to any plan of compromise, as from any other free State.

Pennsylvania needs a large amount of anti-slavery culture, and this fact we would have every friend of the cause in the State lay seriously to heart. Let us go to work without delay. What is it that is to be done? What is the end to be accomplished? Abolition, ulti-mately; dissolution proximately; the people's enlight-enment immediately. We are not alone in this work, as we used to be; we have plenty of co-workers. Dis-union is no longer a bugbear. People can come close to it, and walk around it, and examine it, and experience no fear. "It is not so very dreadful," says one. "The injury might not be irreparable," says another. "Would it be an injury?" asks a third. "Would it not be a benefit?" a fourth inquires. "It seems to me," inter-poses a fifth, "it would be the best thing that could be done." "I don't hesitate to assert," boldly interjects a sixth, "that a complete and final dissolution of this slaveholding Union is the exact thing which the present exigency requires." And thus the discussion goes on, till the conclusion is arrived at that, after all, the Aboli-tionists who have been mobbed have had the right of the argument.

The thing to be desired, and the thing that can't be avoided, is dissolution. This we of the radical school have believed and taught for seventeen years. People have denounced and derided us, but the doctrine has been gaining ground all the time. Mr. Seward has scouted it, and declared dissolution an "impossibility." "Not so," we have replied. "It is possible, probable, desirable, inevitable." Perhaps Mr. Seward has changed his mind by this time. Things are sometimes concealed from the "wise and prudent" and revealed to so-called "babes." "*If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.*" This is the simple philosophy of any dif-ference noticeable between the vision of Abolitionists and that of politicians.

The wise men at Washington seem to be somewhat at fault. The Cabinet are in a muddle, and the war coun-cil at their wit's end. The question to be settled is, the proper solution of the present difficulty. We—who are not consulted—answer, "Dissolution." Why quar-rel with the inevitable? Why not make a virtue of necessity. Why kick against the pricks? Why not welcome the thing that must come? What's the use of worrying about the border States? You have done your constitutional duty to them, and a little more in your Inaugural, and your other official assurances; now, if they want to go, let them go. Don't coax them to stay. If, as they say, there be only a small minority of Secessionists in each of these States, then let the majority manage them. If they can't do this, let them follow them out of the Union, where they belong, and let them all remain there till they get rid of slavery; then, if they desire, as of course they will, let them come back, and the free States will be glad to receive them.

In the meantime, let the slaveholding South set up for itself. Let the experiment be made of two Confedera-cies, one on the basis of slavery, the other on the foun-dation of freedom. Who can doubt the result? As good old Sojourner Truth said to Frederick Douglass, "Is God gone?" Let us rejoice to be rid of these gan-grened members of our body politic. We shall be stronger, happier, richer, greater than we ever were before. We shall recover the prestige we have lost among the nations of the earth. Bound together by the ties of affinity, interest and mutual dependence, we shall enter upon a career of national glory such as has no parallel in history.

But the great trouble now is the border slave States. There is a strong desire in the Republican party to keep these States in the Union. Some want them as the means of bringing back the Gulf States; others, because of the value of the territory they cover; others allege that their retention, if possible, is due to the true men among their citizens; the latter class urging that, by purchase, sale or manumission, they can soon be cleared of slavery. This all sounds very specious, but a dangerous fallacy underlies the whole of it; the very fallacy that deceived our revolutionary fathers; the very rock on which they split. They did not intend to foster slavery. They said, "Is it not a little thing?" They took the viper, apparently powerless, into their bosoms, and lo! it has stung their offspring to death. Shall we not be warned by their example? What do we want of slave-breeding, bankrupt and arrogant Virginia? She is the meanest State in the Union. She is the State that hung John Brown and his brave com-panions; a State as bankrupt in character as she is in purse; a State only able to keep up external appear-ances by the proceeds of her "vigintial crop"; a State which is fitly represented by a Hunter, a Mason, and a "What-an-ass-am-I" Wise. And what do we want of Maryland, with her "Slaveholders' Conventions"? Or with Kentucky and her Crittenden patriots, demanding new guaranties for slavery, and her people destroying free presses and driving out free citizens? Or what do we want of Tennessee, or Missouri, or even Delaware, till these States first purge themselves of the crime and curse of slavery, and make themselves fit associates for Commonwealths that are free?

Whatever answer may be given to these questions, it is idle to think of averting ultimate and irrevocable dissolution. The wicked bargain which, in an evil hour, our fathers made with slavery, must be unmade. That was the first fault; until we go back and undo that, God will have a controversy with this nation. That is the "golden wedge," the truly *Babylonish* spoil, which the Achan-like covetousness of our fathers hid under the tent of the Constitution. Until this people repent, and expose the theft, and condemn the act of its secretion as it deserves, they will never prosper. They will be humiliated before their enemies. The Canaan-ites and all the inhabitants of the land will environ them; their hearts will melt and become as water.

It goes hard, I admit, to see the enemy triumph. It is mortifying to hear of the intended evacuation of Fort Sumter; but if we have not virtue enough to come out of Sodom voluntarily, then let us thank God that the people drive us out. If we have so little self-respect as to stick to the slaveholders, for the money we can make out of them—for that's the patriotism that holds us to the cotton States—we deserve the humiliation to which every failure of our plans to cajole or manage them subjects us. Humble-pie is the proper diet for dough-faces.

Our Legislature is called upon to elect a United States Senator in place of Simon Cameron, and there are many patriots willing to serve. One would suppose that David Wilmot would be the unanimous choice of the Republican members, as he has an historic name, is an able man, and was one of the founders, and as he is one of the strongest pillars of the party. But merit and fit-ness are not the first points in party availability. It is amusing to read the names of applicants for office under the new administration; among them will be found many whose chief distinction has been earned in times past by their hostility to the cause which has now put them in power. In this class, however, I do not include the name of William B. Thomas, Esq., of this city, to whom, I see, has been tendered the important office of Collector of the port of Philadelphia. A more fitting appointment could not be made. As a Republican, we have had occasion to differ with Mr. Thomas more than once, publicly and privately; but as a man, and a man of ability, integrity, and strength, William B. Thomas has no superior and few equals, among the people prominent in politics in the State of Pennsylvania. M.

"A SINCERE FRIEND'S" REMONSTRANCE.

PHILADELPHIA, 11th March, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

WILL you allow "a constant reader" the prescriptive right to a brief space in your columns? Assuming your answer to be affirmative, I proceed to say that I like you Abolitionists hugely. You are my never ceasing admiration. But you are certainly the oddest fish that ever were spawned. You blurt out your opinions of men and things with a freedom that is truly terrific. And, what I like best and marvel at most, you are as independent of each other as you are of the rest of the world. You differ without disagreeing. You keep your identity as individuals, and yet you constitute a unit as a body. You furnish an illustration of the "harmony of diversity." Your organization reminds me of Gothic structures which I have seen, with no two windows alike, and no two doors of the same pat-tern, but an exquisite oneness running through the whole, imparting graceful symmetry and impregnable strength to the entire fabric. In moral architecture, the finest specimen now extant is the American Anti-Slavery Society. When the ivy of time shall have cov-ered its angles, and the moss of years given softness to its outlines, it will stand in history a monument more admired than the minster of London or York, or the most beautiful structure of Venice or Lombardy.

Yes, sir; if anybody wants to know what harmonized diversity or accordant variety is, let him look at the Anti-Slavery Society and read THE STANDARD and *The Liberator*. Let him especially note, in the last number of these two papers, the editorial and correspondential strictures on Uncle Abe's Inaugural. He will see there individuality, diversity, and yet harmony. You, Mr. Editor, in what you have to say on this subject, give it to us strong—very strong. Your Philadelphia corres-pondent, on the other hand, draws it mild; while the editor of *The Liberator* pours it out mixed—strong and mild in equal proportions. It is all wholesome drink, however, and I quaffed the goblet presented by each of you with a gusto and conscious benefit. Yours, Mr. Editor, was a *leetle* harsh and rather bitter; it took some worrying to get it down, and cost me a good many wry faces when the feat was accomplished. I hardly know what I should have done if your Philadelphia correspondent had not been near with his more pleasing draught, to take the bad taste out of my mouth.

To be honest, Mr. Editor, your dose, however whole-some and however much called for, was just as much as I could swallow. Perhaps it was my fault, but, to be honest again, I did not like it as well as I like your articles generally. I don't mean to flatter when I say that the leading articles of THE STANDARD, during all this exciting winter, have been marked by consummate ability, and have evinced the best possible temper. There is no falling off in this last, on the score of ability, but—*excusez moi*—how is it with the temper? Was your digestion good that day? Did your biliary apparatus work free? Come, now, look at the matter again. You have thrown off your *melan cholen*, and doubtless feel better; own that you are hard on the poor old rail-splitter. His rhetoric was none of the best, but he spoke in plain, honest, muscular English, and why was that not sufficient?

One of the most accomplished writers and graceful speakers at this bar pronounces the address as, on the whole, a model public document. Certainly, General Jackson never could have written as good a one. Then, the Address was free from all platitudes and from all superfluity. There was no cant in it; none of the set phrases of statecraft; it was plain to the commonest understanding. Doubtless, if it had been submitted to Mr. Seward, that expert wordmonger could have touched it up so as to make it more palatable to a fas-tidious taste; but I, for one, am glad he didn't. The less dependent Mr. Lincoln is upon his Secretary of State the better. It is to be hoped that he will be slow in taking the advice of that wily manager. Mr Seward is an able man, and means well, but his wisdom is not of the highest order. He lacks ingenuousness. He aims to accomplish his ends by indirection; he is not above trick. Uncle Abe must know this. He will not soon forget that it was Seward's dodge that subjected him to the degradation of being smuggled through Bal-timore in the night. Lincoln revolted at the proposi-tion, but Seward said, through his messenger, "You *must* submit; we'll take the responsibility; only do as we direct, and you shall see that it is all right." So honest Old Abe, like the boy at school, when told to "shut his eyes and open his mouth," obeyed implicitly; and everlasting ridicule will be the consequence. I shall never forgive Seward for putting that affront upon the unsuspecting and personally fearless old Western frontiersman.

As you Abolitionists profess to expect nothing from Lincoln's Administration, I don't see why you should be disappointed. Thus far, you ought to thank him for what he has not done. Don't ask for more than was promised. You "can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." You can't make an uncompromising opponent of slavery out of a man sworn to support the pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution. I should have supposed that, with your views of that document, you would have been pleased with the President's principles of interpretation. Speaking of the Fugitive Slave law, he says, "the intent of the lawgiver is the law." That is sound Garrisonian, anti-Lysander Spooner doctrine, is it not? He says (in substance), "What matters it to any party concerned whether we send back the fugitive through Congressional intervention or State legisla-tion? So say you, do you not? If we agree to do the dirty work, what is the use of higgling about instru-mentalities?

Mr. Lincoln does turn his "face towards the South," but that is not unnatural, since there's where the trouble is. But you don't really think he got "down on both his knees," do you? Certainly the slaveholders and their allies don't think so, for, with one consent, they pronounce his Address "a declaration of war."

It did look a little unseemly, I admit, to make the Fugitive Slave law, and the duty of its enforcement, the first object of attention, but, when a sensible man has a disagreeable job of work to do, he is impatient till it's accomplished. When my tooth aches, I (being a sensi-ble man) hurry to the dentist. Let us charitably hope that Mr. Lincoln had some such reason for his appa-rently indecent "alacrity."

It is true that Mr. Lincoln has but little to say on the subject of slavery in the Territories—only two lines; but these two lines don't contain any comfort for the slaveholders. I believe he has not yet consented to abandon any portion of the public domain to the South, and, perhaps, does not intend to do so. Let us see.

You Abolitionists—or, if you will allow me, we Abo-litionists—will be brought into collision with Mr. Lin-coln and his administration soon enough; why should we anticipate? There will be causes plenty for quar-rel between us and the government; why not abide our time? The lines will soon be redrawn between the true and the false; the germs of a new and more radi-cal anti-slavery party—that is, a political abolition party—will soon develop themselves. It will be time enough then, or, more modestly speaking—for I really defer to your superior knowledge—will it not be time enough then to unsheath the sword and sound the tocsin?

At any rate, let us enjoy the hope that you will not begin the fight with the new President till you can't help it. Poor old fellow! he is to be pitied. With all the slaveholders at the South arrayed against him, and all their blackguard coadjutors at the North in full cry upon his track; with a hungry swarm of office-seekers worrying his life out, and an unprincipled set of politi-cal associates advising concession; with a heart natu-rally open to generous emotions, and a sincere desire to promote the cause of freedom, but with an "oath registered in heaven" to preserve intact the system of slavery, what under heaven is the poor man to do? His burden is greater than he can bear! Dear Mr. Editor, do have some bowels! Don't be needlessly severe. Lay it on to Seward; pitch into Cameron; keep Mr. Chase up to his work; don't spare old Bates; stand behind the whole Cabinet with your sharp stick; but as for Uncle Abe, "wait," as the phrase is, "for the overt act." Give his words the benefit of the most charitable construction; then, when a palpable occa-sion calls for censure, or a flagrant misdeed demands castigation,

"Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be he who first cries, *Hold, enough.*"

By giving this communication a place in this week's STANDARD you will much oblige A SINCERE FRIEND.

HOW SEWARD IS UNDERSTOOD AT THE SOUTH.—While the people of the North have been puzzling their brains to divine the meaning of Mr. Seward's latest speeches and acts, the anti-secession slaveholders have been feeding the hope that he would abandon the Republicans and put himself at the head of a new Union-saving party. The Washington correspondent of the Charleston *Mer-cury*, under date of Feb. 28, says:

"The patchwork compromise has not passed yet, nor is it likely to do so. Indeed, the chances are quite the other way. Seward himself seems to be opposed to it. So likewise the straightest Southern men in both houses. Seward's idea, as I hear from a reliable source, is to have no settlement while Buchanan is in power. The moment he is dethroned peace will be proclaimed, and the honor of saving the country will redound not to the Republicans, but to the new Union party which Seward is forming, with the help of Bell and Douglas, Letcher and Botts. Peace restored, and the Confederate States recognized, the next step will be to call a National Convention. This Convention will remodel the whole structure of the government in such a way as to bring back the seceded States, and place the Union on a permanent and enduring foundation. Such is the grand project which Seward contemplates. What is to become of the "irrepressible conflict" between free and slave society he has not vouchsafed to inform us."

Was Mr. Seward's opposition to the appointment of Chase and Blair to their respective places in the Cabi-net dictated by the conviction that their influence would defeat his project of making the Administration the nucleus of his proposed Union party? And, if so, has he abandoned the project, or is he still hoping to consummate it?

THE *New York Observer*, with all its devotion to the interests of the slaveholders, does not go far enough to satisfy their demands. At the same time that it dis-gusts all right thinking men at the North by its pro-slavery spirit and policy, it gets such kicks as this from one of its subscribers in Tennessee:

"We cannot sustain a paper that inculcates opinions and doctrines so hostile to the interests of the South. You support the Crittenden resolutions, which are mere milk and water. You make great glorification over Etheridge's, Clemens's, Gilmer's, and Johnson's speeches in Congress—men who are all traitors to the South and to their constituents. You are great Union men, but we can perceive the *cloven foot*. You are Black Republicans, Lincolnites and Abolitionists in disguise. Adieu."

Verily, slavery is a hard master, when it refuses to accept the service of a vassal so devoted as *The Observer*.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY (John and Abby and the wife and children of the former) are now in Chester Co., Pa. They will give a concert at Kennett Square on Monday evening next, and, we presume, will visit other places in that vicinity. The bare announcement will be enough to secure for them overflowing audi-ences.

New Publications.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.

THE current issues of these periodicals, from the press of Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street, were promptly received, but want of room has prevented an earlier notice of their contents; and even now we must be brief.

The Edinburgh Review contains the following papers: 1. Church Extension and Liturgical Revision; 2. Japan and the Japanese (for extracts see STANDARD of March 2d); 3. The Victoria Bridge; 4. Political Ballads of Eng-land and Holland; 5. Ocean Telegraphy; 6. Autobio-graphy of Dr. A. Carlyle; 7. Motley's History of the United Netherlands; 8. Forbes and Tyndall on the Alps and their Glaciers; 9. The Kingdom of Italy; 10. Naval Organization.

The London Quarterly opens with a paper reviewing the policy of the Canadian government since its practi-cal independence, and full of information not less inte-resting to the people of this country than to those of Great Britain. Next, we have an article on "The Welsh and their Literature," interesting alike to the scholar and the general reader. Motley's Histories are elaborately reviewed and highly commended. "The Iron Manufacture" is the subject of an article which will attract attention in business circles. The Italian question is ably treated from a Tory standpoint. "The Dogs of History and Romance" is the title of a paper which will be highly appreciated by all the lovers of the canine race. "The Income Tax and its Rivals" is a subject of local rather than general interest. The closing paper, "Essays and Reviews," is a critical examination of the theological volume which has lately attracted so much attention in this country as well as in Great Britain. The volume is, of course, condemned as grossly heretical and pernicious.

The Westminster contains the following papers: 1. Ancient Danish Ballads; 2. Alcohol: What becomes of it in the Living Body? 3. Canada; 4. Bible Infallibility; 5. The Neapolitan and Roman Questions; 6. American Slavery: The Impending Crisis; 7. Cavour and Gari-baldi; 8. Dante and his English Translators; 9. Con-temporary Literature. Of these articles, the second and the sixth will be most likely to attract attention in this country, relating as they do to questions of great practical interest. The first-named of these is a scientific demonstration of the erroneousness of the doctrine (formerly promulgated in the pages of the same work, see number for July, 1855) that *alcohol is food*. This doctrine, it will be remembered, was vehemently urged as conclusive against the fundamental principle of the Temperance movement. The present paper gives the results of later researches, affording new and command-ing evidence that alcohol is not food, but a poison. The writer says:

"There is no more evidence of alcohol being in any way utilized in the body, than there is in regard to ether or chloroform. If alcohol is to be still designated as *food*, we must extend the meaning of that term so as to make it comprehend not only ether and chloroform, but all medicines and poisons—in fact, everything which can be swallowed and absorbed, however foreign it may be to the normal constitution of the body, and however injurious to its functions. On the other hand, from no definition that can be framed of a *poison*, which should include those most powerful anæsthetic agents whose poisonous character has been unfortunately too clearly manifested in a great number of instances, can alcohol be fairly shut out."

This new light is the result of rigid experimental researches by Drs. Ludger Lallemand and Maurice Per-rin, Professors of the Imperial School of Medicine, and Dr. J. L. P. Duroy, Member of the Society of Pharmacy, in Paris.—The article on American slavery is founded upon Helper's and Olmsted's works. The writer, in most things well informed, evidently does not under-stand the principles and measures of the Abolitionists, nor the true state of things in the Northern States.

The North British contains eleven articles, as follows: 1. India Convalescent; 2. Shelley and his Recent Bio-graphers; 3. Large Farms and the Peasantry of the Scottish Lowlands; 4. Lord Dundonald; 5. Modern Necromancy (review of Edmonds and Owen on "Spirit-ualism"); 6. Engineering and Engineers; 7. The Poli-tical Press—French, British, and German; 8. Home Ballads and Poems (doing honor to Whittier); 9. Hes-sey's Bampton Lecture; 10. Dr. Carlyle's Autobio-graphy; 11. Lord Palmerston and Our Foreign Policy.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (Leonard Scott & Co's reprint) for February contains: 1. School and College Life; 2. Carthage and its Remains; 3. Spontaneous Generation; 4. The Transatlantic Telegraph; 5. Norman Sinclair, Part XIII.; 6. Biographia Dramatica; 7. Judicial Puz-zles; 8. The Foreign Secretary.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March contains its usual variety of pleasant reading. Mr. Higginson's paper on Gymnastics combines instruction with amusement in a way quite charming. The Professor's story will be concluded in the number for April, and in that for May Mrs. Stowe will commence a new novel, entitled "Agnes of Sorrento," to be continued through this year and part of the next. This announcement will attract thou-sands of new readers to *The Atlantic*.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for March contains the fol-lowing articles: 1. Dr. Thompson's Plea for Eternal Punishment; 2. Friedrich Wilhelm von Thiersch; 3. The Cause of Reason the Cause of Faith; 4. The Eliot Novels; 5. Müller's History of Vedic Literature; 6. Emancipation in Russia; 7. Review of Current Litera-ture. Boston: Walker, Wise and Co.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW AND ITS VICTIMS. Revised and enlarged edition. New York: 1861. Pp. 168.

This highly valuable tract (we give our own senti-ment in the words of *The Liberator*), the first instalment of which was issued some years ago, has been revised, with great care, by its author, Rev. Samuel May, Jr., and now appears enlarged to nearly four times its original size, and improved by the addition of an index, and of sundry comments and historical references.

It gives a synopsis and history of the Fugitive Slave law, which was well called, by the New York *Evening Post*, "An Act for the Encouragement of Kidnapping." It gives a full analysis of the votes by which that act was passed in both houses of Congress, chronicling the names of the principal persons who framed and advo-cated, and of all who supported it, and naming also those members from the Northern States who evaded the vote by absence or silence, and thus made themselves responsible, equally with the voters, for this greatest disgrace of our country.

The tract then proceeds to record the cases of the victims under this infamous law, as far as these can be gathered from the newspapers, of all parties and all sections of the country. The names, dates, places and circumstances of these transactions are given, and the sources of the original records are carefully referred to, enabling those who wish to trace out the individual cases to do so.

This carefully prepared record of ten years of the Fugitive Slave law reveals the disgraceful facts, that the number of fugitives arrested and then set free, or rescued, is so insignificant as barely to form a feature in the case; while the number of ACTUALLY FREE per-sons stolen, kidnapped and hurried into slavery from the Northern States, is to be counted by hundreds!

Now that a new President of the United States has commenced his reign by proclaiming his purpose to execute this atrocious law—announcing at the same time that he has "*no inclination*" to interfere with the oppression which now reigns in the slave States, and that he has "*no objection*" to a new enactment, making the constitutional support of slavery "*express and irre-vocable*"—it is highly desirable that a tract like this should be extensively circulated and carefully read.

SAMUEL E. SEWALL, Esq., one of the ablest members of the Boston Bar, says:

"It appears to me an exceedingly valuable work, though it thrills one with horror and indignation to read it. My present impression is, that it is one of the most, if not the most effective attack on American slavery that has yet appeared. No one who has a soul left can read it, and not be roused by it. I wish every legislator in the country could have a copy of it."

It is for sale at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 5 Beekman street, New York; 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; 15 Steuben street, Albany; and 221 Washington street, Boston. Price, 13 cents single, $10 per hundred.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE comes to us weekly, its pages chiefly filled with selections from the best periodical literature of Great Britain, embracing not only poetry and fiction, but biographical and historical sketches, the latest fruits of scientific research, and articles on Euro-pean politics. Boston: Littell, Son & Co.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—Those who were present at the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, held at Longwood, Pa., in June last, cannot have forgotten the impatience and indignation mani-fested by some good Republicans when told that their candidate for the Presidency was a supporter of the Fugitive Slave law. The fact was at first indignantly denied, but when the evidence offered was found to be unimpeachable, the meeting was treated to arguments intended to show that Abolitionists might, nevertheless, consistently vote for him. The question of fact, we think, is pretty conclusively disposed of by the Presi-dent's Inaugural. Is it not a shame that the very man for whose election thousands of well-meaning anti-slavery men toiled, prayed and voted, as if his adminis-tration would be sure to inaugurate the reign of justice and freedom, is the very first President of the United States who ever made a specific pledge to enforce the Fugitive Slave law? Has not Mr. Lincoln, by that pledge, justified Mr. Phillips in gibbeting him, as he did before the election, as "the slave-hound of Illinois"?

THE PIONEER is a German paper, published in Boston by Mr. Karl Heinzen, an able writer and thorough opponent of slavery. The following letter explains itself:

BOSTON, Feb. 24, 1861.

MR. KARL HEINZEN—*Dear Sir:* I see you are obliged to strike off some of your Southern subscribers. Let me congratulate you on this proof of your fidelity to truth and freedom. I should ask you to put my name on your list, if I read the German with any ease. But my ignorance in that direction does not blind me to the value of your labors, or lessen my interest in the suc-cess of your journal.

Let me testify it by asking you to accept the inclosed twenty dollars, which please use in any way to help *The Pioneer*, and believe me,

Very cordially and respectfully yours,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. Heinzen, in acknowledging Mr. Phillips's donation, says he will use it in sending *The Pioneer* for six months to twelve of his countrymen who are desirous to read the paper and yet are unable to pay the subscription price. He calls upon persons of this class to send him their address.

FORT SUMTER TO BE EVACUATED!—Great astonishment and not a little indignation has been expressed in view of the announcement that the new Administration is about to evacuate Fort Sumter. The statement at first seemed utterly incredible, but it is scarcely doubted at this writing that the obnoxious measure has been deter-mined upon. The ground of justification is, the alleged impossibility, with the means under the immediate con-trol of the government, of getting men and supplies into the fort. Gen. Scott and other high military men have, it is said, declared reinforcement to be impossible and evacuation a disagreeable necessity. The responsibility for this state of things is placed upon Mr. Buchanan, who refused to send reinforcements and supplies when he might have done so without difficulty, and thus gave the rebels time to erect their batteries.

APPOINTMENTS.—Cassius M. Clay has been appointed Minister of the United States at the Court of Spain; Thomas Corwin is to go to Mexico, to counteract the intrigues of the Cotton Confederacy in that quarter; and our good anti-slavery friend, George E. Baker of Albany, has got the place of Disbursing Clerk in the State Department at Washington—an appointment which he doubtless owes to the favor of Mr. Seward, who, we presume, has not required his biographer and former private secretary to endorse his policy of compromise.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The subscriptions of Mrs. E. C. Stanton, Seneca Falls, N. Y., $5, and Madame Meynien, Paris, France, $40, for the Anti-Slavery Anniversary Subscription Festival have been gratefully received by M. W. CHAPMAN.

Summary.

A FAMILY BURNED TO DEATH.—A whole family—husband, wife, and five young children, the two youngest twins—was burned to death in the destruction of a tenement house, on the morning of the 7th inst., near the corner of Broadway and Fortieth street. The name of the husband and father was Henry J. Wood.

ATTEMPT BY A NEGRO.—There were two learned negroes in Kentucky, of whom one was named after the great founder of the Roman Empire, and the other bore the name of his assassin. Brutus, smoking a cigar, was accosted by Julius Cæsar. "What—you smoke?" asked the latter. "I do," said Brutus, offering his friend a whiff. "*Et cheer, Brute!*" was the exclamation of Cæsar.—*Punch*.

Rev. Charles Beecher, of Georgetown, in his sermon at the Music Hall last Sunday, well said that now, even while God was dealing his retributive judgments for our national sin of slaveholding, some men were setting them-selves to mould the golden calf of Compromise.—*Liberator*.

AN OVERSEER KILLED IN ARKANSAS.—Last Tuesday an overseer on the plantation of Wm. C. Finney, in Drew County, Arkansas, while attempting to chastise a refractory negro, was murdered by the slave, who turned upon him, and, with a club, killed him with a single blow. The negro was arrested and committed to the Monticello jail.

INDIAN CONVENTION.—A Convention of the friends of the Indian was held in Allston Hall, Boston, on the 26th ultimo. The Convention was presided over by Father Bee-son, who delivered a characteristic address. A delegation of three persons was chosen to visit Washington, with an appeal to the government in behalf of the Indians.

PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.—In the Massachusetts House of Representatives on the 5th inst., a very able and elaborate petition was presented of David Lee Child et als., against any change in the Personal Liberty law, and ordered to be printed. The document covers 27 closely written pages—equal to about 70 pages of ordinary manuscript.—*Liberator*.

THE LITERATURE OF REBELLION.—The stuff that trai-tors are made of is pictured in the following copy of a notice calling a secession meeting at Centreville, Cedar County, Missouri:

"NOTICE.—ther Will Bee A Nother Vollenteer Meting on Saturday the 16 for the purpors of making up the Cumpney So we may be Resevd and Bee organize in to A Inderpendint Compouey all that is in faver ot the South will Com and join us in the perrade on Saturday next february the 9 A D 1861. ABSALOM STULTZ.

"GREELEYISM."—A correspondent asks, "What is Greeleyism?" It is free love, table tossing, infidelity, tem-perance pretences, vote yourself a farm, hatred of the South, brown bread, and the shawl. These, in brief, are the ele-ments of Greeleyism.—*Boston Courier*.

[This is all the credit the pro-slavery party gives Mr. Greeley for his contemptuous thrusts at Abolitionists.]

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.—Some persons in New York have recently presented Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of the President, with a very handsome carriage. It is a curious coincidence, that just now the husband of this lady is sup-posed to have a large number of valuable offices at his dis-posal, but, of course, the donors of the carriage had no sus-picion of this. They merely wanted to show their regard for an excellent woman!

KEEN.—The California correspondent of *The Times*, speaking of Seward's latest speech in the Senate, shrewdly says: "It was eminently gratifying to hear from the author of the 'irrepressible conflict' that 'the different forms of labor (in our country) if slavery were not perverted to purposes of political ambition, need not constitute an ele-ment of strife in the Confederacy.' *We only grieved that we had not known this before, and so saved our powder.*"

REDPATH'S AGENT.—A. J. Ackerman, whose arrest as a supposed emissary of the notorious James Redpath, of Kansas-Boston-Tribune-Hayti notoriety, we have men-tioned, was yesterday [illegible], after a full examination before Mayor Monroe. He showed all his letters from Red-path, and these, with his other showings made with the greatest candor, established the fact that he was here solely to further the scheme of free negro emigration to Hayti—a business against which no objection can be urged.—*N. O. Crescent*.

COLORED SOLDIERS.—A letter from Georgia contains this remark: "Our free colored gentry are willing opera-tives in preparing ground for fortifications when the Gov-ernor sends the guns and engineers, not yet forthcoming. The rest of mankind of that complexion will stand by their leaders, [illegible] *a doubt or suspicion* in our minds, in defence of their homes and ours, to the last extremity." [When no white man at the South, however eminent for intelligence or wealth, dares make any show of opposition to the Secession despotism, is it any wonder that the poor slaves and free colored people submit with the best grace they can? *Their* homes and ours, forsooth!]

HAYTIEN EMIGRATION.—The brig Jeanet Kidston, which took out the first colony of colored emigrants to Hayti, under the supervision of the Haytien Bureau, arrived at this port Tuesday. There were about sixty persons who arrived on the Island, in good spirits, and found things there very satisfactory. They were officially received by the Prime Minister, and introduced to the President, who gave them a hearty welcome, and said they should have the pro-tection of the government. He told them they might settle where they chose. All but a few, who were bricklayers and masons, went to St. Mark, with the intention of entering into the cotton growing business.—*Boston Atlas*.

FLORIDA IN DISTRESS.—*The Pensacola Observer* moans in this fashion: "Florida will soon be called upon to furnish her quota of men for the regular army of the South-ern Confederacy. This quota has been put down at 1,000 men. With an empty treasury, we cannot imagine how she can enlist, equip, and arm this number. If our State is bankrupt at this early stage of the action, we think the sooner she sells out the better. If the State government cannot be carried on for want of funds, let Florida be divided between our sister States of Georgia and Alabama, by the line of the Chattahoochee River. The sooner this is done the better, for to this it must come at last."

PHARAOH'S LEAN KINE AT WASHINGTON.—We select the following gem from the Washington special despatch of *The Richmond Enquirer*:

"The inferior appearance, pinched and cunning features, and scanty wardrobe of the thousand visitors here, is the subject of general remark. The conductors of the various railroad trains say that on an average there is only one trunk to one hundred passengers. The rest are supplied with carpet bags. The hotels and boarding houses ask pay in advance. The hackmen grumble at the meanness of visitors. The barbers and bootblacks are momentarily asked for the loan of razors and brushes, without even receiving thanks in return; all of which painfully exhibits the difference between the new patrons and the princely Southerners."

HOW IT WORKS.—The sheriff of Warren County, at Vicksburg, Mississippi, publishes the following proclamation, which is of equal interest to property holders and money loaners in other portions of the State:

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS PENALTY.—TO THE TAX-PAYERS OF WARREN COUNTY.—By an ordinance of the State Conven-tion a military tax has been [illegible] of the State. You are therefore hereby notified to come forward *immediately*, and pay the same. And, as said Convention has levied a tax on all money loaned on side of the State, and on all money kept from circulation within the State, it becomes the duty of every tax-payer to appear at the Sheriff's office and give in, under oath, said assessment of money, *forthwith*, under a penalty of FIVE THOUSAND DOL-LARS.

This act applies as well to those who heretofore paid their taxes, as to those who have not paid them.

WM. MCRAE, Sheriff.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.—Extract of a letter from a devoted laborer in the anti-slavery field at the West:

"I cannot but use the present opportunity to send you a word of cheer. The time for the slave's and [illegible] deliverance is at hand, and I know we are all [illegible] in the prospect, though our salvation come through the [illegible] and blood of civil war, as it [illegible] seems inevitable. The power and influence of Mr. Phillips are [illegible]. The West sits in breathless silence to catch his words. The fact that he is the most hated and dreaded by the [illegible] slavery, North and South, and the most admired and respected by all in whose bosoms is a spark of the fire of freedom, put on him the seal of savior. May his vision be as clear as his heart is true!"—*Liberator*.

AMERICAN SLAVERY IN 1715.—The following are some statistics of the old colonial days. One hundred and forty five years ago, in the reign of George I., the ascer-tained population of the continental colonies was as follows:

	Whites.	Negro Slaves.
New Hampshire	9,[illegible]	[illegible]
Massachusetts	94,000	2,000
Rhode Island	7,[illegible]00	[illegible]
Connecticut	46,[illegible]	1,[illegible]06
New York	[illegible]	4,[illegible]
Pennsylvania	43,[illegible]	2,[illegible]
New Jersey	21,[illegible]	1,[illegible]
Maryland	40,7[illegible]	9,400
Virginia	62,[illegible]	23,[illegible]
North Carolina	7,[illegible]	3,700
South Carolina	6,2[illegible]	1[illegible],500
Total	364,930	64,656

A NEW ANTI-SLAVERY ORGANIZATION.—A Republican meeting in Chicago, on the [illegible] inst., passed resolutions in favor of coercion and against any compromise or concession. The meeting was addressed by Ichabod Codding, among others.

"Mr. Codding said he had been made acquainted (or as nearly acquainted as he could be without a [illegible]) with the existence of an organization more radical on the subject of slavery than anything yet known in political movements in the United States, which organization was intended to be put into active working order just as soon as the Republican party should recede from its principles. This organization differed from Garrisonianism only in the fact that its ends were practical. The speaker did not refer to it as approving of it, but simply to point out one of the results morally certain to follow from an abandonment, by so much as a hair's breadth, of the Chicago platform."

WHAT DREADFUL THINGS THEY WILL DO.—*The Mari-etta* (Ga.) *Advocate* tells us that, in case Lincoln and his Administration choose war with the South, one of the first steps in Southern enterprise will be the issuing of school books and other works that have been copyrighted by Northern men. From this source alone an immense profit has been annually drawn from the Southern people. Another measure would be the establishment of works for the manufacture of Northern patented articles. A sewing machine for which the Northern patentee receives $50, can be made for $10. The Southern maker can sell for $25, and realize an enormous profit. So with Colt's pistols, or Sharp's rifles, or agricultural implements, and a hundred other things. And this would be as nothing compared with the cutting up of Northern commerce by privateers. The Southern people can stay at home and destroy the North. They now stand on the defensive. They await an invasion. But, when it commences, they will strike the North in every vulnerable point.

A SOUTHERNER ON SECESSION.—A Southern gentle-man who resides in Augusta, Ga., writes thus to a friend in New York:

"The war spirit increases. If the South were severely let alone for six months, we would probably try at the next general election to get back. The new tariff will open both eyes and pockets; 3 to 4 cents per pound on cheese, 4 to 5 cents on butter, 2 to 2½ cents on sugar, 2½ to 25 on tobacco, affect every one, and that sensibly. Prices have advanced and are still ascending. Our regular army has 140 enlisted in this city, and as many in Savannah. Nine-tenths of our youth go constantly armed, and the common use of deadly weapons is quite disregarded. No control can be exercised over a lad after he is 14 or 15. He becomes Mr. So-and-so, and acknowledges no master. While our free trade doubles our tariff, our postal facilities will also be increased. Letter postage will probably be raised to 10 or 25 cents, and off the immediate line of the railways there will probably be as much as one mail a week. Of course, therefore, we will like secession the better as we become the better acquainted with it."

JOHN ANDERSON.—The friends of this man in Toronto lately held a soirée for the purpose of raising funds to assist in defraying the expenses incurred in the effort to save him from being carried off into slavery. The Rev. Dr. Willis was called to the chair, and Anderson himself addressed the company. On coming forward, he was warmly received. He said he was very happy to meet them all, but he thought they ought not to expect a long speech from him, as this was the first time he had ever spoken at a public meeting. He trusted that the colored population of Canada would unite together and remember the proverb, "United we stand, divided we fall." In regard to the remarks of the Hamilton *Times*, he said he did not want to be made a hero, as he was well able to work for himself. They would like perhaps to learn what were his thoughts while in jail. He thought several times that he was in great danger, and that the Eagle would yet carry him off, but the Lion of England had protected him, and he had now no fear of the Eagle getting him (laughter and applause).

THE KING OF DAHOMEY AGAIN.—Another barbarous affair has taken place at Dahomey. *The West African Herald* publishes statements from eyewitnesses of the bar-baric "custom" just perpetrated at Dahomey. In this fearful narrative we learn that the recent "grand custom" of Badahung, king of Dahomey, was one of the most revolt-ing which had ever taken place. Several persons agree in stating that the number of persons slain on the occasion was estimated at 2,000, but another correspondent gives the number at 7,000. He says he was present by compulsion, and that the blood swept past him like a flood into a large reservoir. *The Herald*, which gave notice through its columns many months since of the intention of the King of Dahomey to hold an unusual "grand custom," in remem-brance of the death of the late king, concludes the recital of these butcheries by stating that "Consul Foote has come out with full powers to 'treat' with the King of Dahomey as to the abolition of these human sacrifices."

FUGITIVE SLAVES AT THE NORTH.—It is estimated that, in the last fifty years, the number of slaves who have escaped from the South is fifteen hundred annually, and the total loss about forty millions of dollars. The result can be determined with accuracy by the difference between the actual increase of the black population of the North from one census to another, and what the increase would have been had it been confined to natural causes. There are other interesting facts connected with this subject. The slave population of the South doubles once in thirty years; the free negroes of the South double once in twenty-five; the free negroes of the North and West double once in forty years, from the natural increase alone. The free negroes of the South are the most stable and least migratory of any class of population in the United States, leaving out of question their migration to other slave States. Many more negroes migrate from the free States to the slave States than from the slave States to the free States. Forty-nine fiftieths of all native negroes of the slave States who are found in the free States were fugitive slaves when they left the slave States.—*N. O. Com. Bulletin*, Dec. 19.

FLAX COTTON.—For several years many experiments have been made with flax and hemp, with the hope of obtaining from one or both a substitute for cotton, that would be cheaper than cotton itself, with the manifest advantage to the world that its production would hardly be bounded by climate.

Several machines have already been patented with this object in view, but until very recently no one that could do it cheap enough. That point has now been reached, it is said; but whether it has or not, the principle has been dis-covered, and Yankee ingenuity will not let it alone till the machine is made which will take the flax as brought from the field, without any other preparation than drying, and turn out the fibre ready for spinning at a price not exceed-ing ten cents a pound. No invention could be more oppor-tune, or so important to the free States.

In the city of Roxbury, Mass., a manufactory is now established which imports rough flax from Iowa, converts it into various conditions suitable for mixing with cotton, wool, or silk, or to be made into cloth by itself; and we understand that it is doing a profitable business. And we do not see why it should not, if a substance equal in value to middling cotton can be produced, as we are assured that it can be, *at ten cents a pound*, and leave an ample profit. As the process goes on, new machinery, or new inventions, will doubtless be brought in to facilitate the movement, and make it a regular, important and permanent business.—*Boston Journal*.

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society was held on the 28th ult. The report shows that there have been provided with homes and employment during the last year: Boys, 589; girls, 167; men, 15; women, 33; total, 804. The expenditures have been $1[illegible],762 92. The industrial schools, nine in number, con-nected with the association, are attended by 1,024 children. The report of the Newsboy's Lodging House, also under the direction of the society, states: In the year past 2[illegible],390 lodgings were furnished; 1[illegible],541 meals were given during the year; 2,660 boys have been provided with Sunday din-ners. Of truant and lost boys from the city, and all parts of the country, 247 have been restored to their parents and friends. During the year the boys saved $1,2[illegible] in the bank of this institution; this bank is opened on the first of every month, and the depositor receives one per cent. on his savings. Habits of economy and order are developed by this principle of saving. About nine thousand articles of clothing have been distributed amongst the poor lads who were in need of them. About three hundred boys have found good homes from this lodging house alone. It should be noted that the boys themselves have paid towards the expenses of the establishment one thousand and thirty-six dollars and ninety-six cents.

Special Notices.

NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.—Conventions, in the State of New York, to be addressed by Parker Pills-bury and Susan B. Anthony, will be held as follows:

Junius (Progressive Friends' House).	Sunday,	March	17
Brockett's Bridge	"	"	24
North Easton	Wednesday,	"	27
Easton	Thurs. Fri.	"	28 29
Union Village	Sunday,	"	31

SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE.—"As this pamphlet," says *The Liberator*, "is calculated to injure nothing but blind tradition, religious credulity, unreasoning super-stition and all prevailing Bibliolatry, and to vindicate the authority of reason against theological dogmatism, we hope its circulation will be extensive." Sixth edition. Price 15 cents, post-paid. 8 for $1. Sold by all liberal book-sellers and by the publishers.
A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal street, New York.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SLAVE GIRL, written by herself, and edited by L. MARIA CHILD; a work of absorbing interest, reflecting a clear light into the darkest recesses of slavery. Sold at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 5 Beekman street, New York. Price $1 00.

Miscellaneous Department.

SONNETS.

TO CHARLES SUMNER.

Thou and the Stars, our Sumner, still shine on!
No dark will dim, no spending waste, thy ray:
And we as soon could doubt the Milky Way,
Whether enduring were its silver zone,
As question of thy truth. Their light is gone
Whose beam was borrowed. Never will Accident
Upon a day, the garment it hath lent
Strip off, and make beggars of its kings anon.
Thou and the Stars eternal, [illegible]
From God's own bosom with celestial light
Must needs emit the glory in ye [illegible],
Alike it is your nature to be bright.
And I, while thou art shining overhead,
Know God is with us in the gloomy night.

TO WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

He is a Master in the Ship of State,
Who shapes in port, and keeps at sea, his aim—
Who can abide in storm and calm the same,
Making right reason dominant over fate.
The fickle winds may veer and vacillate—
His purpose points in one direction still;
The billows toss his keel, but not his will.
For to the stars his high thoughts penetrate,
And while his fortunes fare upon the sea,
His soul hath footing on a heavenly shore.
Seward! art thou that statesman? Art thou he
Who wills in war no less, in peace no more,
And makes the best thought of his privacy
A public deed, though Treason plot and roar?

—*Tribune.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. ALEXANDER CARLYLE.

It has long been known that a memoir concerning the Scottish literati of last century existed in manuscript in the possession of Principal Lee of the Edinburgh University, being the composition of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, minister of Inveresk, who is alluded to in "Humphrey Clinker" as the companion of that brilliant set of men, and as "wanting nothing but inclination to figure with the rest on paper." The very reverend principal, as last surviving trustee of Carlyle, entertained scruples about giving his manuscript to the world, as containing many remarks calculated to give offence to individuals; but since his death in May, 1859, his representatives, considering that the work generally refers to men of a century ago, have very reasonably judged themselves at liberty to lay it before the public. It now appears in a handsome octavo, under the editorship of Mr. John H. Burton.

The book is a highly entertaining one; not merely because it in great part relates to interesting and remarkable men, but because of the freedom and breadth, so to speak, of the style in which the author paints his associates. Possessed of a tall and handsome person, with an aspect often likened to the Jupiter Tonans, the minister of Inveresk was a man of vigorous general talents, a shrewd observer and student of human nature, and a conversationalist and *diner-out* of the first grade. The parish to which he acceded in 1748, and which he held for fifty-seven years, being within six miles of Edinburgh, he was enabled to mingle freely in the society of the city. To the same cause it might in part be attributed that he was able to exercise a large share of influence in the Scottish Church. The Establishment had at that time culminated in what was called moderatism, and Carlyle was the most moderate of the moderate. To one who marks the opposite strain of the present time, it sounds strange that he frequently speaks of having dinner-company on Sunday, and of arranging the most important church affairs in taverns. His latitudinarianism was strongly marked in 1757, when he braved the censure of his presbytery by taking a leading part in the preparation of the tragedy of "Douglas" for the Edinburgh stage, and attending in a box on the third night. Nor did he fail, in the very next year, to take a run of the best theatrical performances in London. There was, of course, a party of stricter views; but he takes care to make us aware that these were not wholly of an ascetic character. Dr. Alexander Webster, who headed his opponents, and tried to get him condemned for attending a play, was a *five-bottle man*, accustomed to spend half the night in convivial company. Of him is the anecdote told that, as he was reeling homeward in the dawn of a summer morning, a friend asked what his congregation would think if they saw him thus; to which he replied: "They would not believe their own eyes."

By accident, we suppose, Carlyle was brought in contact in early life with several men who united great license in some departments of self-indulgence with the most serious professions. A remarkable example was the judge, James Erskine, Lord Grange, whose house was in the parish of Prestonpans, of which Carlyle's father was minister. We learn that Grange and the minister used to have meetings at which profound theological questions and much claret were discussed. His lordship had a detached library in his garden, where pleasures more material than those of literature were enjoyed. Sometimes he was lost to the world for months at a time, and it was the belief of the minister that he was then going through a course of reckless debauchery in Edinburgh. The common report was, says Carlyle, "that he and his associates passed their time in alternate scenes of the exercises of religion and debauchery, spending the day in meetings for prayer and pious conversation, and their nights in lewdness and revelling." Then our autobiographer adds a profound remark: "Some men are of opinion that they could not be equally sincere in both. I am apt to think that they were, for human nature is capable of wonderful freaks. There is no doubt of their profligacy; and I have frequently seen them drowned in tears, during the whole of a sacramental Sunday, when, so far as my observation could reach, they could have no rational object in acting a part. The Marquis of Lothian of that day, whom I have seen attending the sacrament at Prestonpans with Lord Grange, and whom no man suspected of plots or hypocrisy, was much addicted to debauchery. The natural casuistry of the passions grants dispensations with more facility than the Church of Rome."

The famous Lord Lovat, who was really a hypocrite, but not one of a religious complexion, came to Prestonpans in 1741, to place a son under the preceptorship of the parish schoolmaster, named Halket; and Carlyle, then nineteen, was invited to join his lordship's party at a dinner in Lucky Vint's, a celebrated tavern in the west end of the town. He gives us a Dutch sketch of the entertainment. The company consisted, besides Lord Lovat himself, of Mr. Erskine of Grange, with three or four gentlemen of the name of Fraser, one of whom was his man of business, together with Halket, his son Alexander, and young Carlyle. The two old gentlemen "disputed for some time which of them should say grace. At last Lovat yielded, and gave us two or three pious sentences in French, which Mr. Erskine and I understood, and we only. As soon as we were set, Lovat asked me to send him a whiting from the dish of fish that was next me. As they were all haddocks, I answered that they were not whitings, but, according to the proverb, he that got a haddock for a whiting was not ill off. This saying takes its rise from the superiority of haddocks to whitings in the Firth of Forth. Upon this, his lordship stormed and swore more than fifty dragoons: he was sure they must be whitings, as he had bespoke them. Halket tipped me the wink, and I retracted, saying that I had but little skill, and as his lordship had bespoke them, I must certainly be mistaken. Upon this he calmed, and I sent him one, which he was quite pleased with, swearing again that he never could eat a haddock all his life. The landlady told me afterwards, that as he had been very peremptory against haddocks, and she had no other, she had made her cook carefully scrape out St. Peter's mark on the shoulders, which she had often done before with success. We had a very good plain dinner. As the claret was excellent, and circulated fast, the two old gentlemen grew very merry, and their conversation became youthful and gay. What I observed was, that Grange, without appearing to flatter, was very observant of Lovat, and did everything to please him. He had provided Geordy Sym, who was Lord Drummore's piper, to entertain Lovat after dinner; but though he was reckoned the best piper in the country, Lovat despised him, and said he was only fit to play reels to Grange's oyster-women. He grew frisky at last, however, and upon Kate Vint, the landlady's daughter, coming into the room, he insisted on her staying to dance with him. She was a handsome girl, with fine black eyes, and an agreeable person. . . . . . Lovat was at this time seventy-five, and Grange not much younger; yet the wine and the young woman emboldened them to dance a reel, till Kate, observing Lovat's legs as thick as posts, fell a laughing, and ran off. She missed her second course of kisses, as was then the fashion of the country, though she had endured the first. This was a scene not easily forgotten." It was, however, not quite done yet. Lovat "conveyed his son to the house where he was to be boarded, for Halket had not taken up house; and there, while we drank tea, he won the heart of the landlady, a decent widow of a shipmaster, and of her niece, by fair speeches, intermixed with kisses to the niece, who was about thirty, and such advices as a man in a state of ebriety could give. The coach was in waiting, but Grange would not yet part with him, and insisted on his accepting of a banquet from him at his house in Preston. Lovat was in a yielding humor, and it was agreed to. The Frasers, who were on horseback, were sent to Edinburgh; the boy was left with his dame; and Lovat and Grange, and Halket and I, went up to Preston, only a quarter of a mile distant, and were received in Grange's library, a cube of twenty feet, in a pavilion of the house which extended into a small wilderness of not more than half an acre, which was sacred to Grange's private walks, and to which there was no entry but through the pavilion. . . . . In this room there was a fine collection of fruit and biscuits, and a new deluge of excellent claret. At ten o'clock, the two old gentlemen mounted their coach to Edinburgh, and thus closed a very memorable day."

Carlyle witnessed much of the series of transactions known as the Porteus Riot, and took part as a loyal volunteer in the affair of the *Forty-five*. He gives us animated detailed accounts of these transactions; but we have no room to go into them. There is more interest for the general reader in what he tells us of the history of his friend John Home's tragedy of "Douglas." The author of this famous play was a minister in a neighboring presbytery, and an intimate friend of Carlyle, who assisted in revising the manuscript. When all was ready, Home resolved to proceed to London, and lay the tragedy before Mr. Garrick. Six or seven friendly Merse ministers, besides Carlyle, resolved to give the poet a convoy part of his way. It was on a snowy morning, in February, 1755, that the party set out from Polwarth manse, where half of them had spent the night.

"Before we had gone far, we discovered that our bard had no mode of carrying his precious treasure, which we thought enough of, but hardly foresaw that it was to be pronounced a perfect tragedy by the best judges; for when David Hume gave it that praise, he spoke only the sentiment of the whole republic of belles-lettres. The tragedy in one pocket of his greatcoat, and his clean shirt and nightcap in the other, though they balanced each other, was thought an unsafe mode of conveyance; and our friend—who, like most of his brother poets, was unapt to foresee difficulties and provide against them—had neglected to buy a pair of leather bags as he passed through Haddington. We bethought us that possibly James Landreth, minister of Simprin, and clerk of the synod, would be provided with such a convenience for the carriage of his synod records; and having no wife, no *atra cura*, to resist our request, we unanimously turned aside half a mile to call at James's; and, concealing our intention at first, we easily persuaded the honest man to join us in this convoy to his friend, Mr. Home, and then, observing the danger the manuscript might run in a greatcoat pocket on a journey of four hundred miles, we inquired if he could lend Mr. Home his valise, only as far as Wooler, where he would purchase a new pair for himself. This he very cheerfully granted. But while his pony was preparing, he had another trial to go through; for Cupples, who never had any money, though he was a bachelor, too, and had twice the stipend of Landreth, took the latter into another room, where the conference lasted longer than we wished for, so that we had to bawl out for them to come away. We afterwards understood that Cupples, having only four shillings, was pressing Landreth to lend him half a guinea, that he might be able to defray the expense of the journey. Honest James, who knew that John Home, if he did not return his own valise, which was very improbable, would provide him in a better pair, had frankly agreed to the first request; but as he knew Cupples never paid anything, he was very reluctant to part with his half guinea. However, having at last agreed, we set out, and I think gallant troops, but so-and-so accoutred, to make an inroad on the English border. By good luck, the river Tweed was not come down [in flood], and we crossed it safely at the ford near Norham Castle; and, as the day mended, we got to Woolerhaughhead by four o'clock, where we got but an indifferent dinner, for it was but a miserable house in those days; but a happier or more jocose and merry company could hardly be assembled.

"John Home and I, who slept in one room, or perhaps in one bed, as was usual in those days, were disturbed by a noise in the night, which being in the next room, where Laurie and Monteith were, we found they had quarrelled and fought, and the former had pushed the latter out of bed. After having acted as mediators in this quarrel, we had sound sleep till morning. Having breakfasted as well as the house could afford, Cupples and I, who had agreed to go two days' journey further with Mr. Home, set off southwards with him, and the rest returned by the way they had come to Berwickshire again.

"Cupples and I attended Home as far as Ferryhill, about six miles, where, after remaining all night with him, we parted next morning, he for London, and we on our return home. Poor Home had no better success on this occasion than before, with still greater mortification; for Garrick, after reading the play, returned it with an opinion that it was totally unfit for the stage. On this occasion, Home wrote a pathetic copy of verses, addressed to Shakspeare's image in Westminster Abbey.

"Cupples and I had a diverting journey back; for as his money had failed, and I had not an overflow, we were obliged to feed our horses in Newcastle without dining; . . . . . . but in those days nothing came wrong to us—youth and good spirits made us convert all maladventures into fun. The Virgin's Inn, as it was called, being at that time the best, and on the south side of the bridge, made us forget all our disasters."

Home, as is well known, gave up his charge as a minister, in order to escape ecclesiastical censure for writing a play; and the Earl of Bute then took him up, as his confidant and friend. We learn with some surprise that the poet, thus secularized, was engaged as second in several affairs of honor, which did not quite ripen into hostile meetings. Very shocking, no doubt; but who could be severe with a man essentially so innocent and amiable as John Home, and one of whom Carlyle delights to tell that, by his influence with his patron, he advanced the interests of scores of friends, but *never asked anything for himself*. Our author, visiting London in 1758 for the marriage of a sister, found his friend Home in terms of intimacy with Garrick, notwithstanding the rejection of "Douglas." This led to an invitation from the great manager to Carlyle, and others of Home's Scotch friends, to an entertainment at his villa near Hampton. Somehow, Garrick had become aware of Carlyle's proficiency in the Scotch game of golf (which, doubtless, he had acquired on Musselburgh Links), so "he told us to bring golf clubs and balls, that we might play at that game on Molesly Hurst. We accordingly set out in good time, six of us in a landau. As we passed through Kensington, the Coldstream regiment were changing guard, and, on seeing our clubs, they gave us three cheers in honor of a diversion peculiar to Scotland; so much does the remembrance of one's native country dilate the heart, when one has been some time absent. The same sentiment made us open our purses, and give our countrymen wherewithal to drink the 'Land o' Cakes.' Garrick met us by the way, so impatient he seemed to be for his company. There were John Home, and Robertson, and Wedderburn, and Robert and James Adam, and Colonel David Wedderburn, who was killed when commander of the army in Bombay, in the year [1773].

"Immediately after we arrived, we crossed the river to the golfing-ground, which was very good. None of the company could play but John Home and myself, and Parson Black from Aberdeen, who, being chaplain to a regiment during some of the Duke of Cumberland's campaigns, had been pointed out to his royal highness as a proper person to teach him the game of chess: the duke was such an apt scholar that he never lost a game after the first day; and he recompensed Black for having beat him so cruelly, by procuring for him the living of Hampton, which is a good one. We returned and dined sumptuously; Mrs. Garrick, the only lady, now grown fat, though still very lively, being a woman of uncommon good sense, and now mistress of English, was in all respects most agreeable company. . . . .

"Garrick had built a handsome temple, with a statue of Shakspeare in it, in his lower garden, on the banks of the Thames, which was separated from the upper one by a high-road, under which there was an archway which united the two gardens. Garrick, in compliment to Home, had ordered the wine to be carried to this temple, where we were to drink it under the shade of the copy of that statue to which Home had addressed his pathetic verses on the rejection of his play. The poet and the actor were equally gay, and well pleased with each other, on this occasion, with much respect on the one hand, and a total oblivion of animosity on the other; for vanity is a passion that is easy to be entreated, and unites freely with all the best affections. Having observed a green mount in the garden, opposite the archway, I said to our landlord, that while the servants were preparing the collation in the temple, I would surprise him with a stroke at the golf, as I should drive a ball through his archway into the Thames once in three strokes. I had measured the distance with my eye in walking about the garden, and accordingly, at the second stroke, made the ball alight in the mouth of the gateway, and roll down the green slope into the river. This was so dexterous that he was quite surprised, and begged the club of me by which such a feat had been performed. We passed a very agreeable afternoon; and it is hard to say which were happier, the landlord and landlady, or the guests."

The book contains snatches of poignant remark and shrewd observations of character, sufficient to justify the esteem in which the author's society was held—as where he speaks of George Bell, provost and political leader of Dumfries, "who was governed by his wife, who was swayed by her niece and Frank Paton, surveyor of customs, who was a very able man, and who, with my sister, were the secret springs of all the provost's conduct"; or describes his assistant, Anderson, "reckoned an excellent preacher by the common people, because he got his sermon faithfully by heart (his father's, I suppose), and delivered it with a loudness and impetuosity surpassing any school-boy, without making a halt or stop from beginning to end"; or, better still, sets forth Sir George Suttie, as "thought to be a great patriot, because he wore a coarse coat and unpowdered hair, while he was looking for a post with the utmost anxiety," and as "reckoned a man of sense because he said so himself, and had such an embarrassed stuttering elocution that one was not sure but it was true." We in like manner obtain from the book some insight into the pleasantries which irradiated the intellectual society of Edinburgh in those days—as where the author introduces us to Mr. Robert Cullen, advocate, celebrated for his powers of personation.

"One day," says he, "in the General Assembly of 1765, a student of physic was seized with a convulsion fit, which occasioned much commotion in the house, and drew a score of other English students around him. When the Assembly adjourned, about a dozen of us went to dine in the Poker club-room, at Nicholson's, when Dr. Robertson came and told us he must dine with the Commissioner, but would join us soon. Immediately after we dined, somebody wished to hear from Cullen what Robertson would say about the incident that had taken place, which he did immediately, lest the Principal should come in. He had hardly finished when he arrived. After the company had drank his health, Jardine said slyly, 'Principal, was it not a strange accident that happened to-day in the Assembly?' Robertson's answer was exactly in the strain, and almost in the very words, of Cullen. This raised a very loud laugh in the company, when the doctor, more ruffled than I ever almost saw him, said, with a severe look at Cullen, 'I perceive somebody has been ploughing with my heifer before I came in.'"

Considering that it records the life of a Scotch clergyman, there is in this book a surprising amount of space occupied with convivial dinners, and pleasant jaunts, and droll anecdotes—giving altogether the idea that life in that rank in the last century was far from being dull, or even tame. Dr. Carlyle entertained and acted upon a theory that an open, moderate enjoyment of the ordinary pleasures of society was a safeguard against hypocrisy and fanaticism, and their many attendant evils. And this view he was enabled to carry out, because the church then depended little on the common people, and enjoyed much of the countenance of the gentlefolks. We have changed all that now.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY MISS ALICE CARY.

When first the skies grow warm and bright,
And flash with gold the hours,
And in her pale, faint robes, the Spring
Is calling up the flowers;
When children, with unslippered feet,
Go forth with hearts of glee
To the straight and even furrows
Where the yellow corn must be;
What a beautiful embodiment
Of ease, devoid of pride,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With doors still open wide!

But when the happiest time is come,
That to the year belongs,
Of uplands bright with harvest gold,
And meadows full of songs;
When fields of yet unripened corn,
And daily garnered stores,
Remind the thrifty husbandman
Of ample threshing floors—
How pleasant, from the din and dust
Of the thoroughfare aloof,
Seems the old-fashioned homestead,
With steep and mossy roof!

When home the woodsman plods, with axe
Upon his shoulder swung,
And in the knotted apple-tree
Are scythe and sickle hung;
When light the swallows twitter
'Neath the rafters of the shed,
And the table on the ivied porch
With decent care is spread—
Then hearts are lighter and freer
Than beat in the populous town,
In the old-fashioned homestead,
With gables sharp and brown.

When the flowers of Summer perish,
In the cold and bitter rain,
And little birds with weary wings
Have gone across the main;
When curls the blue smoke upward
Toward the bluer sky,
And cold, along the naked hills,
And white the snow-drifts lie—
In legends of love and glory
They forget the cloud and storm,
In the old-fashioned homestead,
With hearth-stone large and warm!

TREASON TO OBEY INHUMAN STATUTES.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. Julia Ward Howe to The Tribune.

Boston, March 6, 1861.

Society here is much occupied with the President's Inaugural, which is generally approved, though, other scriptures, it is subject to varieties of interpretation, corresponding to the personal wishes of those who pronounce upon it. Some rejoice in its conservative tone; others consider its meaning decidedly democratic and popular. Some applaud its deference to Southern constitutional claims; others view its recognition of existing obnoxious laws as simply literal and technical, and arguing no special zeal for their application. We ourselves incline to see a Portia in this leaden casket, and we believe that while the Southern Shylock is promised his pound of flesh, he will find it hard to get, since he shall not take more nor less, nor spill one drop of Christian blood, on peril of his life. The Message, and the comments to which it gives rise, lead us to ponder a little upon the nature of law, the abstract idea of which is so invoked and enforced upon our attention and reverence. Is law intended to represent the highest or the lowest moral average that can be obtained in the classification of any community? Is it, further, a mere tissue of expediencies, a compromise of contending interests, or is the divine idea of justice inherent in its nature? If it be, then, as that idea becomes clearer and more comprehensive, laws must be modified to come nearer to it, and to keep pace with the moral and mental progress of mankind. When a law becomes shameful to the consciences of men, and abhorrent to their sympathies, then its enforcement is tyranny, and obedience to it is treason. Let it molder on the statute-book, and become a dead letter, to be looked at by future generations with a shudder of amazement. Better yet if some bold, brave hand should be found to tear it from the record, and sever its deformity from the sacred beauty of justice. Thus the Christ did not hesitate to abrogate the cruel Mosaic law of divorce. "For the hardness of your hearts," said he, "Moses gave you this precept, but *I* say unto you," etc., etc. In the case, too, of the woman taken in adultery, with one serene and searching phrase he showed the terrible injustice of the legitimate punishment, so that men fled aghast from a deed which a moment before had seemed to them invested with the highest sanction of legality. Thus our Fugitive Slave law was allowed of old by hardness of heart, by carelessness, and partly as a compromise not likely to be long valid, or actively productive of mischief. All codes of law are exposed to containing clauses which the noble human heart, with slowly gathered strength and knowledge, shall in time violate and destroy. When the moment of divine illumination comes, the law binds no more. Handcuffs and chains can enforce it upon the body, but the conscience is beyond its reach, and noble men will die rather than give it their countenance. Now, the Fugitive Slave law was instituted for a practical purpose, which, not effecting, it was gladly suffered to fall into desuetude. But it was not revived in this spirit, or for this purpose. Slaveholders do not greatly care to have their fugitives returned to them; they are disaffected, and breed disaffection, and when the legitimate pleasure of whipping them to death is not indulged in, little is gained by the master in their rendition. To outrage the conscience of the North was, however, an object, and to make its citizens trample upon their most sacred convictions of human right was a triumph the South chose to pretend to. We think it has already proved one of the costly victories which outvie in disaster any defeat. But the time is not far distant when even this poor show of victory will be stripped from it, and they who have loathed it in private, and denounced it in public, will stand justified before men, as they now stand before God.

Pardon this prolixity, but when we step out into the world, such things as these are talked of, and the opposite considerations are urged with all the weight of character and the vehemence of passion. One, two, three, they crowd round the unskilled advocate, who has a weak presence, and loves a peace better than a fight. Slipping deftly from the simple moral issue, in which there is no third power, they bewilder him with false issues, which they themselves raise, and which they well know how to combat. He tries to stick to his cardinal points, wages for work, and the inalienable rights of the family and the individual for all. "But you cannot make it so." "No; but I cannot see it otherwise." "You would not see them enforced then?" "I should like to see the laws enforced among those who maltreat and murder our harmless citizens without form of law or shadow of justice." "You would break up this great Confederacy and give up half the continent to satisfy your individual conscience?" "Brothers, give over; it is they, not we, God knows, who break up the Confederation. As to my conscience, it is to me no luxury, as you would imply, but the first necessity of life. I acknowledge that there are fantastic constructions of duty in which the ingenious sometimes indulge, but rather than give up my conviction on this point, I will give up my life. I could as easily consent to the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, were it an event still possible, as I could acquiesce in the rendition to bondage of a human creature, his brother and mine. On this stumbling-block, brothers, we may fall, and be broken; but should it fall on us, it would grind us to powder. To be brief, there is always in the world some cause which represents Christ, and his friends and enemies array themselves for it and against. The apostolic succession has multiplied like the sands of the sea, but, while Pauls and Johns are difficult to find, such a cause has always its Judas, its Thomas *incredulus*, and its warning Peter."

THE BROOK.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally;
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down the valley.

By thirsty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps—a little town—
And half a hundred bridges.

Till lost by Philip's farm, I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret.
By many a field and fallow;
And many a fairy foreland set,
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing;
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling:

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel;
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel:

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Mr. Dana and the Abolitionists.—The remarks of Richard H. Dana, Jr., about the Abolitionists and *The Liberator*, in his recent speech, are excessively shallow. His question, "Who sees *The Liberator?*" will be laughed at as generally as Sidney Smith's question—"Who reads an American book?" His patronizing air towards Mr. Phillips is perhaps a fair offset and retaliation for Mr. Phillips's attack upon him, but it is very ludicrous for all that. Mr. Phillips's audiences care but little for his constitutional theories; his influence is not strengthened or weakened, materially, by these theories; and his influence upon Massachusetts opinion, for the last ten years, has been a hundred times as great as Mr. Dana's. It is very funny to hear Mr. Dana making the dépôt and horse-car circulation of a newspaper the test of its influence. "Who sees *The Liberator?* Is it sold at our railroad stations, or in our steam cars, or horse cars, or at our steamboat landings, or hawked in the streets?" No: is *The Christian Witness*, or *The Churchman*, or the works of Edmund Burke? No, again. Yet Mr. Dana would be loth to acknowledge that Burke is obsolete, or that the Episcopal Church is without influence. Tried by the railroad station test, *The New York Herald* is the most influential paper in the country, when, in fact, of all papers pretending to have influence, it has the least. There is not a country newspaper in the great West, printed for a colony of Norwegians or Dutchmen, and excluded from all except local circulation, which does not, in ten years, have more influence on public opinion than Bennett's *Herald*, which is sold at all the "railroad stations" and "hawked in the streets."—*Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.*

Foreign Gleanings.

When Mr. Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of the freemen who voted for her brother; on which she was saluted with a cry of "Miss Wilberforce forever!" when she pleasantly observed, "I thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you—for really I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever!"

Tobacco.—It having been officially ascertained that certain undergraduates of French institutions of learning were in the habit of smoking as many as six and even ten cigars per day, says *Cosmos*, and the fatal influence of the narcotine showing itself in the check of their physical growth and the enfeeblement of their intellectual faculties, his Excellency the Minister of Public Instruction has, in a recent circular, called the attention of the presidents of these institutions to this sad abuse.

The Royal Academy and Female Artists.—The restrictions which have so long prevented ladies from participating in the advantages offered by the Royal Academy to art students have at length been withdrawn. At the council in June last, the best drawing sent in by the candidates for the studentship proved to be the work of a lady, and on the recommendation of Sir Charles Eastlake, she was at once admitted. Since then, three other ladies have been equally successful. On Monday week fourteen drawings were approved of by the council, and in this case also the best drawing was sent in by a lady.

Delivery of Letters in Paris.—The French post-office is about to adopt, for the delivery of city letters, the system of atmospheric pressure through long cylinders. The exhausting machine will be placed in the central office, and the pipes will go to all the railway stations and the different principal offices in the city. Packages will thus be sent to the different quarters instantaneously, where they will be taken up for distribution, and thus letters may arrive at their destination in half an hour after they are written, instead of in two or three hours as now.

Unbaptized Children.—A correspondent writes to us from Elham, says *The South Eastern Gazette*, requesting us to state that recently an inhabitant of that place lost a young child by death, who had not been baptized. The consequence was that the clergyman, when requested to do so, refused to read over it the burial service, and would not even permit it to be buried in the churchyard till after dark, as though the infant had committed *felo de se*, or the burial ground was the property of the officiating minister for the time being, instead of belonging to the whole body of the parishioners, who have had to pay for it twenty times over. In a neighboring parish a similar incident lately occurred, when the clergyman there told the mother that all unbaptized children "become hobgoblins after death," and are not permitted to go to heaven.

After Dinner.—Nothing can more powerfully illustrate the deep-rooted character of intemperate habits in families than an anecdote which was related to me as coming from the late Mr. Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling." He had been involved in a regular drinking party. He was keeping as free from the usual excesses as he was able, and as he marked companions around him falling victims to the power of drink, he himself dropped off under the table among the slain, as a measure of precaution; and, lying there, his attention was called to a small pair of hands working at his throat. On asking what it was, a voice replied: "Sir, I'm the lad that's to lowse the neck-cloths." Here, then, was a family, where, on drinking occasions, it was the appointed duty of one of the household to attend, and, when the guests were becoming helpless, to untie their cravats in fear of apoplexy or suffocation.—*Reminiscences of Scottish Life.*

Origin of the Name.—The origin of the word "Quaker" is thus given in a recently published life of George Fox:

"It was about the time of George's committal to the Darby House of Correction, that he and his followers began to be designated by the term Quakers. Gervas Bennett, one of the magistrates that committed him, was admonished by him to quake at the name of the Lord, when Bennett replied that George Fox and his followers might rather quake at the civil authorities—a repartee which, going abroad among the multitude, occasioned Fox and his adherents to be called contemptuously Quakers. It cannot but be thought wonderful that a young man of five-and-twenty, of no learning except in texts of Scripture, and a little sound sense, should have been able to attract sufficient followers to form the foundation of a sect under any title."

The Bourbons.—Now that King Francis and his family have quitted Naples, there are in exile not fewer than fifty-five members of the Bourbon family out of the seventy-four who are the direct or collateral descendants of Louis XIV. The fifty-five are these: The Bourbons of Naples, consisting of King Francis, five brothers and four sisters; his Majesty's uncles—Prince de Capua and two children, Count d'Aquila and two children, Count de Trapani and five; his Majesty's aunts—Queen Marie Amelie, widow of King Louis Philippe, the Duchess de Berry, the Duchess de Salerno; and lastly, a cousin-german, the Duchess d'Aumale—total, 26. The Bourbons of Spain—the Infante Don Juan and two children—total, three. The Bourbons of France—Count de Chambord, the Duchess de Parma and four children—total, six. The Orleans branch of the French Bourbons—the Count de Paris, the Duke de Chartres, the Duke de Nemours and four children, the Prince de Joinville and two, the Duke d'Aumale and two, the Duke de Montpensier and six—total, twenty. Nineteen Bourbons are now in exile, namely, the royal family of Spain, sixteen in number; the Empress of Brazil, (*nee* Princess of Naples); the Duchess Augusta of Saxe Coburg Gotha (*nee* Princess d'Orleans, and the Duke Charles III. of Parma, Infante of Spain, who abdicated.—*London Star.*

Lord Brougham's Letter on Slavery. "Strange to say," observes *The Bury and Norwich Post*, "Lord Brougham, the eldest living champion of the negro, in declining to attend the Boston 'Convention' on the anniversary of the death of Captain Brown, states that the decision, that 'as soon as a slave sets foot on English ground he is free,' is erroneously ascribed to the English courts under Lord Mansfield, and was really made by the judges in Scotland. The great case of the negro Somerset was brought before Lord Mansfield, assisted by Judges Ashton, Willes and Ashurst, in 1772, and, after three sittings, the law was declared as above stated. The veteran lord's mistake is the more singular, that in *The Edinburgh Review* for 1803, with which he was so nearly connected, we find this case referred to, with the remark—'Among the heroes and sages of British story we can think of few whom we should feel a greater glow of honest pride in claiming as an ancestor, than the man (Granville Sharp) to whom we owe the power of repeating with truth:

'Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free,' etc."

A proposed Substitute for Cotton.—Among the numerous proposed substitutes for this valuable fabric is one which has attracted some attention in France, and may possibly be found worthy of attention in this country. About two years ago a request was made to Napoleon III. to provide the means of making an experiment on a large scale for the rearing of a new kind of silkworm, which lives in the open air, on a very hardy plant, the *ailanté*, and produces two crops a year of a strong, silky fibre, which has been in common use for ages in China, as a cheap fabric for clothing the great mass of the people. The authority was immediately granted, and the result now published seems very favorable. More than three-fourths of the worms produced excellent cocoons, and a profit of 100 per cent., or more, is said to have been realized. Should these statements be confirmed, the new material will probably become an important article of commerce and manufacture; for the mulberry silkworm is considered very successful when it yields a return of 15 per cent. on the capital employed. The silk of this Chinese worm is of inferior quality, but is well adapted for coarse fabrics, and its woven fabrics bid fair to prove an excellent substitute for those of cotton. It is proposed by M. Guerin Meneville, who was the first to introduce the new silk into France, to give it the name of *ailantine*. He is now considering the best means of promoting the production and manufacture of the new silk, which he thinks will ere long supply the chief clothing of the people. The tree on which the worm feeds is the *alantus glandulosa*, which is one of the hardiest of trees, and is very common in the United States.

The Penmanship of English Statesmen.—We are bound to add that the present race of statesmen are, on the whole, distinguished by excellent penmanship. Lord Derby's handwriting is beautiful—equally elegant and legible. Lord Stanley's is as legible as large pica, but certainly not elegant. Lord Palmerston's is free, pleasant, and by no means obscure. The Duke of Newcastle writes an excellent hand—long, well-formed letters, and very distinct. Lord John Russell's penmanship is not unlike the Colonial Minister's, but on a smaller scale. Other instances might be cited, but it is more to the purport of the present paper to say that the East India Company, nearly all through the present century, have been remarkably fortunate in the caligraphy of their chief servant, the Governor-General, who has set an example of penmanship to the whole class of writers which ought not to have been thrown away. Lord Wellesley's handwriting is, perhaps, the best that we have ever seen. Sir George Barlow's was little inferior. Lord Minto wrote a remarkably firm, solid, legible hand. Lord Hastings and Lord Amherst were somewhat stately in their penmanship, but every letter was as clear as type. Lord William Bentick ran his letters, and sometimes his words, a little too much into each other, but he wrote a good flowing hand that was rarely otherwise than legible. Lord Auckland's writing was peculiarly legible and distinct—the very reverse of his successor's, Lord Ellenborough's, which was pretty and lady-like, and not distinct; but he was always one of the Honorable Company's naughty boys. Lord Dalhousie wrote a beautiful hand—flowing and elegant, but very distinct; and the present Governor-General, Lord Canning, need not blush to see his handwriting placed beside that of any of his contemporaries.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The late Sir Peter Fairbairn and the American Prejudice against Color.—Mr. Joseph A. Horner, of Bromley-by-Bow, London, writing to the Editor of *The Leeds Mercury*, says: "It may be interesting to some of the friends of the late Sir Peter Fairbairn to know that he was a consistent opponent of the slave system, and that he did not merely confine himself to the making of anti-slavery speeches on this side of the Atlantic, but that when travelling in America he gave practical proof of his sympathy with the Abolitionists. In December, 1859, I had occasion to call upon Sir Peter in Leeds, when he expressed his regret that he had been unable to attend a meeting of the Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society on the previous evening, at which Edward Baines, Esq., M.P., had presided, and Miss Sarah Parker Remond and Mr. Frederick Douglass were the principal speakers, and he then went on to say that he had met Mr. Douglass in the United States under peculiar circumstances. He was travelling in a steamer on one of the American lakes, when he was told that Mr. Douglass was on board. Having known that gentleman in England some years before, he went in search of him, in order to renew the acquaintance, and at last discovered the distinguished orator seated in a barber's shop, whither he had been banished on account of his color, 'niggers' not being allowed to associate with the white people in the saloon. Finding that it was in vain to protest against this unjust treatment of Mr. Douglass, Sir Peter very kindly took a seat next to him, and remained in the barber's shop for several hours, until he left the steamer. How nobly does the conduct of Sir Peter contrast with that of too many Englishmen who have gone over to America, and who, instead of acting in like manner, have turned coldly away from their black brethren! I afterwards mentioned the above to Mr. Frederick Douglass, and asked him if he remembered the circumstance, and he said that he did, and that if others would copy the example of Sir Peter Fairbairn the moral influence which England would exert against slavery would be very great."

Cultivate the Whole Man.—You dwarf the remaining faculties when you develope one to abnormal size and strength. Thus have men been great preachers, but uncommonly neglectful parents. Thus have men been great statesmen, but omitted to pay their tradesmen's bills. Thus men have been great moral and social reformers, whose own lives stood much in need of moral and social reformation. I should judge from a portrait I have seen of Mr. Thomas Sayers, the champion of England, that this eminent individual has attended to his physical to the neglect of his intellectual development. His face appeared deficient in intelligence, though his body seemed abundant in muscle. And possibly it is better to seek to develope the entire nature—intellectual, moral and physical—than to push one part of it into a prominence that stunts and kills the rest. It is better to be a complete *man* than to be essentially a poet, a statesman, a prize fighter. It is better that a tree should be fairly grown all round, than that it should send out one tremendous branch to the south, and have only rotten twigs in every other direction; better, even though that tremendous branch should be the very biggest that ever was seen. Such an inordinate growth in a single direction is truly morbid. It reminds one of the geese whose livers go to form that regal dainty, the *pate de foie gras*. By subjecting a goose to a certain manner of life, you dwarf its legs, wings, and general muscular development; but you make its liver grow as large as itself. I have known human beings who practised on their mental powers a precisely analagous discipline. The power of calculating in figures, of writing poetry, of chess playing, of preaching sermons, was tremendous; but all their other faculties were like the legs and wings of the fattening goose. Let us try to be entire human beings, round and complete; and if we wish to be so, it is best not to live too much alone. The best that is in man's nature, taken as a whole, is brought out by society of his kind. In one or two respects he may be better in solitude, but not as the complete man.—*A. K. H. B., in Fraser for February.*

The Horrors of the French Retreat from Moscow.—The naked masses of dead and dying men; the mangled carcasses of ten thousand horses, which had, in some cases, been cut for food before life had ceased, the cravings of famine at other points forming groups of *cannibals;* the air enveloped in flame and smoke; the prayers of hundreds of naked wretches, flying from the peasantry, whose shouts of vengeance echoed incessantly through the woods; the wrecks of cannon, powder wagons, military stores of all descriptions, and every ordinary as well as extraordinary ill of war, combined with the asperity of the climate, formed such a scene as probably was never witnessed to such an extent in the history of the world. At Wiasma, fifty French, by a savage order, were burned alive. In another village fifty men had been buried alive; but these terrible acts of atrocity were minor features—they ended in death with comparatively little protracted suffering. Here, death, so much invited, so solicited as a friend, came with dilatory step; but still he came without interval of torturing pause. I will cite three or four of the most painful incidents that I witnessed. 1. A number of naked men, whose backs had been frozen while they warmed the front of their bodies, sat round the burning embers of a hut. Sensible at last to the chill of the air, they had succeeded in turning themselves, when the fire caught the congealed flesh, and a hard burnt crust covered the whole of their backs. The wretches were still living as I passed. 2. Sixty dying, naked men, whose necks were laid upon a felled tree, while Russian men and women, with large faggot sticks, singing in chorus and hopping round, with repeated blows struck out their brains in succession. 3. A group of wounded men, at the ashes of another cottage, sitting and lying over the body of a comrade which they had roasted, and the flesh of which they had begun to eat. 4. A French woman, naked to her chemise, with black, long, dishevelled hair, sitting on the snow, where she had remained the whole day, and in that situation she had been delivered of a child, which had afterwards been stolen from her. This was the extreme of mental anguish and bodily suffering. I could cite a variety of other sad and sorry calamities, but the very recollection is loathsome. As a man and as an Englishman, I did all in my power to mitigate their griefs.—*Sir Robert Wilson's Memoirs.*

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